

MY BRIGHTON WALK! BY THE CANTANKEROUS CRANK

**LUM-
TREES**
HOME-
POTTED
MEATS
EVERYWHERE
LUMTREE
SOUTHPORT

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

"NO BETTER FOOD."
DR. ANDREW WIGMORE,
F.R.S.E., &c.

FRY'S
PURE
CONCENTRATED
COCON

Lavishly endowed with
all those properties so
essential to the Sup-
port, Building Up,
and Strengthening of
the System.

300
GOLD MEDALS, &c.

N 668.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING MAY 7, 1903. ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

Have You a Special Debility?

You Can Cure It at Once.
You Can Regenerate Yourself.
See Below How It Can Be Done.

If you suffer from any form of Debility—whether Nervous, Physical, or Functional; if you have painful kidney troubles; if you have an aching pain in the small of the back, with tenderness on pressure; if your Nervous System is all run down and seemingly disjointed, with racking Neuralgic Pains, Physical Tremors, and Muscular Twitchings of the Limbs; if paroxysms or spasms of icy coldness seem to pass through or pervade any limb or organ with a chill sense of danger and depression; if your mind and memory fail to respond to your calls upon it, and you find yourself confused and unable to properly concentrate and organise your ideas and plans; if you view every trifling hitch and hindrance with a jaundiced, morbid eye; if your whole outlook in life is coloured by gloomy apprehension of dread and disaster, and the constant fear that you have failed or will fail; if you seek a brooding solitude rather than cheerful society, then do not pray neglect such marked signs of disorganised health. Realise at once that your system is weak, and tending to a state of chaos only because it lacks electrical energy. You eat and it does you no good because you have not the electro-nervous power for digesting and assimilating the ailments



necessary to the maintenance of life. The food contains what you need to maintain Health and Vigour, and if you will take our advice and wear a RICHARDSON PERFECTED ELECTRO-GALVANIC BELT, you will at once acquire the necessary electrical energy and nervous force to transform it into muscular tissue. There is nothing so all-pervading, nothing so restoratively invigorating as the warm, gentle glow of power diffused over your whole system by a RICHARDSON ELECTRO-GALVANIC BELT. Day by day you recover force, your mind clears, your energies return, your nervous system recovers tone, and you find all your Physical powers increasing in Vigour and Intensity.

THIRTY DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

This scientifically constructed and successful curative appliance will be sent on Thirty Days' Free Trial, so that all sufferers may experience the benefit of renewed strength and vigour—without cost.

We ask the readers of this paper to remember that this offer is made by a British firm with twenty-one years' reputation in the City of London. We desire that every sufferer should wear this marvellous Belt, and test its healing virtues for thirty days, as we are certain that it will cure, and that the wearer, after a month's trial, will then prefer to keep rather than return the Belt.

Do not fail to write at once, with particulars of your case, and remember that, after giving the Belt a trial, if you are not perfectly satisfied, return it to us; it costs you nothing to try it. Illustrated Pamphlet, with numerous Testimonials, sent post free. **CALL OR WRITE TO-DAY.** Address letters:

A. M. RICHARDSON & CO., 29 Vulcan House, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Established 1882.

GOLD PLATE COMPETITION.

Messrs. GALLANER Limited, Belfast, Dublin, Glasgow, London, Liverpool, Manchester, Hull, &c., have the pleasure to announce that the winners in their Gold Plate Cigarette and Gold Plate Navy Cut Tobacco Competition for the week ending April 6th, are as follows:

- 1st Prize, £5, F. PARNELL, 12 Fore Street, Liverpool.
2nd Prize, £3, JOHN STANBURY, 30 Fleet Street, St. Paul's, W.C.
3rd Prize, £2, E. DYER, 15 Upton Road, Highbury, London.
4th Prize, £1, THOMAS J. BROWN, 7 Cope Street, Dublin.

These Competitions will be continued weekly until November 28th, and will terminate with a big final competition for very valuable prizes. Full particulars will be found in every packet of Gold Plate Cigarettes, 10 for 3d. (medium strength, 10 for 2½d.), and every tin of Gold Plate Navy Cut Tobacco (1000, 500, 250, 125, 62½, 31½, 15½, 7½, 3½, 1½, ¾, ¼, 1⁄8, 1⁄16, 1⁄32, 1⁄64, 1⁄128, 1⁄256, 1⁄512, 1⁄1024, 1⁄2048, 1⁄4096, 1⁄8192, 1⁄16384, 1⁄32768, 1⁄65536, 1⁄131072, 1⁄262144, 1⁄524288, 1⁄1048576, 1⁄2097152, 1⁄4194304, 1⁄8388608, 1⁄16777216, 1⁄33554432, 1⁄67108864, 1⁄134217728, 1⁄268435456, 1⁄536870912, 1⁄1073741824, 1⁄2147483648, 1⁄4294967296, 1⁄8589934592, 1⁄17179869184, 1⁄34359738368, 1⁄68719476736, 1⁄137438953472, 1⁄274877906944, 1⁄549755813888, 1⁄1099511627776, 1⁄2199023255552, 1⁄4398046511104, 1⁄8796093022208, 1⁄17592186044416, 1⁄35184372088832, 1⁄70368744177664, 1⁄140737488355328, 1⁄281474976710656, 1⁄562949953421312, 1⁄1125899906842624, 1⁄2251799813685248, 1⁄4503599627370496, 1⁄9007199254740992, 1⁄18014398509481984, 1⁄36028797018963968, 1⁄72057594037927936, 1⁄144115188075855872, 1⁄288230376151711744, 1⁄576460752303423488, 1⁄1152921504606846976, 1⁄2305843009213693952, 1⁄4611686018427387904, 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TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

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at 6d.

No. 668.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING MAY 7, 1903.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

ONE PENNY.

SCRIBBLINGTON: "Don't you think my new novel contains much food for thought?"
Criticus: "Yes; but it is wretchedly cooked."

"Mr girls," said a father proudly, after he had fallen against the coal-box in the hall, and retrieved the fire-irons from the toolhouse, "my girls have a wonderful sense of order. They have a place for everything, but it is a fresh place every time."

MAMMA: "Oh, you bad boy! Where have you been all this time? Don't you think you should be ashamed to worry your mother so?"

The Boy: "Well, ma, I'm willin' to be ashamed that I worried you if you'll promise not to tell pa anything that'll worry me."

PAT SCORED.

A YOUNG man entered an inn with a dog, and attracted a good deal of friendly interest from an Irishman, who inquired what kind of a dog it was.

The owner looked the questioner insolently up and down, and then replied with a drawl: "It is a cross between an ape and an Irishman."

"Faith, thin, we're both related to it," was the ready retort.

HIS GOOD LUCK.

SOMETHING glittered in the mud of the crowded street. It was a pin. "See a pin and pick it up, and all day long you'll have good luck," he muttered as he started off to get the pin. He had learnt that old saying when quite a child.

As he bent down to reach the pin his hat fell off and rolled under a cab wheel. His eyeglasses also fell, and broke on the hard road. A 'bus caught him on one side and a baker's van on the other, the two nearly squeezing the life out of him. He made a dash for the pavement, and upset a cyclist. It was a great adventure, but he had got the pin.

A LITTLE WHITE SHIRT SHE WANTED.

BUSINESS was quiet at the shop, and so when the young person in cap and apron entered, the tradesman was all smiles and attention.

"What can I do for you, madam?" he queried politely.

"I see," she said with a rich brogue, "that ye are after sellin' them new fangled things they do be burning on the gas."

"Yes, madam, we have a very large assortment of the very best incandescent fittings. You can have the complete set—fittings, chimney, and mantle—as low as half-a-crown."

"Oh," was the reply; "sure, it's not the complete set that I'm after wanting. I've got the brass part and the chimney as right as can be. But the little white shirt's all broke to smithereens; an' it's another wan that I want, if ye please."

YOUNG WIFE: "I'm afraid Jack doesn't love me as he formerly did."

Her Mother: "What reason have you for thinking so, dear?"

Young Wife: "He is beginning to read the paper every morning while at breakfast."

"Is I thought that any girl would accept me," casually remarked the bashful Mr. Dolyers, "I'd propose to-morrow."

"Why not this evening?" asked Miss Fosdick, coyly.

The wedding will take place in about a month.

MAGISTRATE (to defendant): "You are accused of having terribly beaten two night-watchmen last night. What tempted you to do this?"

Defendant: "My feeling of humanity, your worship, because for one night-watchman that beating would have been too much."

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KEEP SWEET.

Don't be foolish and get sour when things don't just come your way—

Don't you be a pampered baby and declare, "Now I won't play!"

Just go grinning on and bear it;
Have you heartache? Millions share it;
If you earn a crown, you'll wear it—
Keep sweet.

Don't go handing out your troubles to your busy fellow men—

If you whine around they'll try to keep from meeting you again—

Don't declare that the world's "agin" you,
Don't let pessimism win you,
Prove there's lots of good stuff in you—
Keep sweet.

If your dearest hopes seem blighted and despair looms into view,

Set your teeth and whisper grimly,
"Though they're false, yet I'll be true."

Never let your heart grow bitter,
With your ear to hope's transmitter
Hear love's song-birds bravely twitter,
"Keep sweet."

Bless your heart, this world's a good one, and will always help a man,

Hate, misanthropy, and malice have no place in nature's plan.

Help your brother there who's sighing,
Keep his flag of courage flying,
Help him try—'twill keep you trying—
Keep sweet.

He (at the window): "It's very cheerful within, but awfully disagreeable without."

She (coolly): "Without what?"

He (inspired): "Why, without you, darling."

And a few weeks later a furniture instalment house was called upon to open a new account.

TESS: "He tried to kiss me, and he declared the more I struggled and screamed the more he'd kiss me. He's no gentleman."

JESS: "But, my dear, gentlemen sometimes do that sort of thing."

TESS: "But when I screamed he ran away. A gentleman would keep his word."

SHE: "How is it you were not at the Westends' reception?"

HE: "I stayed away on account of a personal matter."

SHE: "May I ask what it was?"

HE: "Will you promise to keep it secret?"

SHE: "Yes."

HE: "Well, they failed to send me an invitation."

REMOTE KIN.

KIND LADY: "How many are there in the family besides yourself?"

LITTLE AMY: "Four—mamma, papa, sister, and a distant relative."

"That is only three. The distant relative is not a member of the family."

"Oh, yes he is. He is my brother."

"Your brother? Then he isn't a distant relative."

"Yes, ma'am—he is in South Africa."

NO CHANCE OF DYING.

PATIENT: "Tell me candidly, doctor, do you think I'll pull through?"

DOCTOR: "Oh, you are bound to get well. You can't help yourself. The Medical Record shows that out of a hundred cases like yours one recovers invariably."

"That's a cheerful prospect."

"What more do you want? I've treated ninety-nine cases, and every one of them died. Why, man alive, you can't die if you try! There's no humbug about statistics!"

SINGLETON: "Who was it that said every time a new angel is needed in Heaven some woman dies?"
WEDERLY: "I can't recall the lady's name."

HE: "Yes, he was a great aeronaut. They say he made nearly a hundred ascensions, and the only accident he ever had was the one that proved fatal."

SHE: "Really? And on which of the ascensions did that occur?"

MRS. SNITCHER: "Nora, my husband hasn't been at all satisfied with your cooking the last few days."

NORA: "Well, now, isn't that queer? But I'll tell you what we'll do, ma'am. I'll cook him a meal that's bad, and that'll teach him."

A HIGHLAND STOIC.

THE following little dialogue was overheard in a far north hamlet:

"Mac, I hear ye have fallen in love wi' bonnie Katie Stevens."

"Weel, Sandy, I was near, verra near daein' it; but I found the lassie had nae siller, so I said to myself, 'Mac, be a man.' And I was a man, and noo I pass her by wi' silent contempt."

HOW HE KNEW.

ONE day mother called Tommy and Mabel to go down the garden with her.

She took them to the greenhouse, where a quantity of soot had been scattered all over the floor of the greenhouse, and the path in front of it.

Mother asked each child if he or she had done it.

Both answered in the negative. Then she said:

"Oh, Tommy, I saw you do it out of my bedroom window!"

"That you didn't," said Tommy; "for I looked at all the windows before I did it!"

HARD ON THE DOCTOR.

ONE dark, foggy night there was a knock at the door of a physician.

"Who's there?"

"Oh, doctor, make haste! My wife is dangerously ill!"

The doctor uttered a suppressed groan of impatience, for the village to which he was summoned was about six miles out of town. He ordered out his carriage, and the two drove on through the damp, cold night.

Just before they reached the village in question, the husband of the sick woman alighted on some pretext or other, but did not return; and, after driving into the village the physician found nobody who needed his assistance.

A week later he received a note, without signature, explaining the mystery:

"Dear Doctor,—I am exceedingly obliged to you for giving me a lift in your carriage, for I found it impossible to procure another conveyance, and it was a dreadful night. I hope you will forgive me this once."

BRIDESMAID: "I hope you will be happy, my dear."

BRIDE: "Oh, I am sure we will. You see, his mother died when he was very young, and he doesn't remember anything about her cooking."

"This deep line of destiny," said the palmist, "is most remarkable. It shows that something connected with the sea has made, or will make, a strong impression on you."

"You are right," observed the subject. "That is the scar from a gash I made opening oysters."

FRIENDLY CRITIC: "What an exquisite pastoral scene!"

ARTIST: "Pastoral scene? That's a modern battlefield!"

FRIENDLY CRITIC: "But I don't see any—"

ARTIST: "Of course you don't! What with smokeless powder and khaki, no one sees any!"

"The Confessions of a Self-Made Girl" is the title of an intensely interesting series now running in SHORT STORIES. One penny every Tuesday.

SPLENDID NEW SERIES.



TINSEL TRIUMPHS.

. . The True Adventures of an Actress. . .

By BLANCHE EARDLEY.

I Enter my Profession.

As an orphan of nineteen, I was cast upon my own resources, so decided to go on to the stage to earn my living, and joined the Vice Triumphant Company at Spenny-on-the-Mud.

The other members of my company were Vera Styckton, leading lady; Dolly Aligrace, comedy "chambermaid," with whom I lodged; "Birdie," the heavy lady; and Lionel Dacre, leading man, who immediately paid unwelcome attentions to me.

I was quickly initiated into the ways of touring companies, and speedily made both friends and enemies. Among the latter was Vera Styckton, who was furious that I should have attracted Lionel's notice.

The company left Spenny-on-the-Mud for Coatbridge, where I took part in my first "first night," having previously received a telegram from Wilfrid Hyne, a gentleman who had once helped me in a crowd when I had lost my purse, wishing me all success.

Our next performance was at Glasgow, and there I discovered, to my horror, that by repeating certain words upon the stage, I was, according to Scottish law, the wife of Lionel Dacre.

Leaving the Vice Triumphant Company to escape Dacre, Dolly and I came to the Theatre Royal, Anchester, to play in pantomime under the name of Blanche St. Lawrence. Here I met another admirer, Paul Dean. However, I disliked pantomime and joined another company, thanks to Dolly, at a salary of three pounds a week.

Down the Ladder Again.

I was receiving the salary of two pounds ten, it having been reduced from three by the Hebrew manager; then I understood why Mr. Anson had suggested the higher sum—I was to pay him five per cent each week for having obtained the engagement for me; and, if I was re-engaged at the end of the tour for a fresh one, I should still have to pay my agent five per cent. That was the etiquette of theatrical agencies, although some agents exacted an entrance fee, which Mr. Anson never did.

I was able to keep my body and soul together during my three weeks' rehearsal in town, and was glad and happy when I saw the train steaming out of Euston for Holyhead, where we caught the mail for Dublin, that being the first town on our tour list.

The one dress rehearsal we had, before leaving London, was vastly different from those fearful experiences in pantomime, and we were treated as ladies and gentlemen by those in authority. Although my part was only that of secondary consideration it was bright, and I was also the understudy for the leading lady, so I anticipated a six months' pleasant tour and some opportunity for indulging in study.

The men were all very nice, and wanted to give me what they called "a good time," but I was afraid of being once more caught in the coils of a flirtation, so I refused their offers of walks and excursions, bringing upon myself the stigma of being "stuck up."

They began to tease me about my strict propriety; and one Sunday, when we were lunching en masse during a break in a long journey, one of the men, called Jimmie Bruce, leant across the table, and said very impressively and loudly:

"How is your husband, Miss St. Lawrence?"

Everyone laughed and looked to see me do the same, but I was taken aback, and the suddenness of the question, together with my hidden knowledge of Lionel Dacre, made my face flush crimson, and I stammered awkwardly:

"Who? I don't know! I mean—" And I stopped lamely, gazing at my interlocutor with frightened eyes.

"Ah!" he chuckled, "so now we know the reason of little Miss Prim's distaste for our humble society! There is another Richmond in the field!"

I had recovered my equilibrium by this time and saw how essential it was that they were put off the scent and kept from finding out about Lionel Dacre, so I looked him boldly in the eyes, and said, with a show of mock humility:

"Oh, spare me, Jimmie! The fact is, I have committed bigamy and dread an exposure."

The laughter that time was against him, and he joined in it as heartily as the others, seeing that it was useless trying to get a "rise" out of me.

I sighed with relief, and even deviated from my rule by indulging in a little amateur flirtation with Jimmie after dinner, knowing how foolish it was to be on any but the best terms with a dangerous man in this profession. My worldly wisdom I had picked up in the school of experience, so I laughed and coquetted with the man I feared, deftly casting my net over his head, while he, like a puny Samson, allowed me to play the rôle of a modern Delilah! I was just a little hardened by my constant disillusion in human nature, and when once I would have hesitated to lure a man into a flirtation, now I only laughed, and took care that I did not singe my own wings.

Despicable, no doubt, but the result of much contact with fellow-creatures who lived for the hour alone, taking no heed of the time that was on the wing. "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die!" was the motto that ruled their pleasure-loving lives. So I, too, caught the infection of an artificial atmosphere, and donned the livery of the pleasure-seekers.

The inevitable followed all too quickly. Jimmie Bruce asked me to marry him. He made a plain,

straightforward offer of his heart and hand, telling me his chances of procuring a good joint engagement for us, and the money he had saved.

I listened, frightened of the love I had evoked by my own conduct, and for the first time in my life I stood arraigned at the judgment bar, and I condemned myself.

"I am sorry, Jimmie!" I stammered; "but—but it's no good. I can't marry you."

He looked at me incredulously at first, then something in my face must have told him that I meant what I said, for he grew suddenly pale and bit his lips.

"I see," he said, with a short laugh, "I have made a fool of myself over a woman that—" He stopped, and this time his laugh brought a flush to my face.

"I am sorry!" I said again. "We have both made a mistake. Forgive me, Jimmie, and let us be friends."

I went up to him and touched him lightly on the shoulder. I did not dare let him quarrel with me, so I made a bold attempt to keep him my friend.

"Now listen to me," I said playfully. "We are both young, and it seems a pity to marry while we are, as yet, unknown to the profession, and have our way to carve. Let us be free, Jimmie dear, and think of marriage when we are both prosperous. Look at the married couples in companies. Either the wife or the husband has to waive aside all thoughts of ambition and be content to 'walk on,' while the other plays an important rôle; or, both being ambitious, they drift apart in different companies, and become

worse than strangers to each other."

I watched him narrowly while I was speaking, and was pleased to see his face clear, and that he bore me no ill will.

"Pon my word," he said admiringly, "what a wise little girl you are, Blanche! I suppose you are right in what you say—it never struck me before! But"—and he slipped his arm round my waist—"may I hope, dear?"

"All men, I hope, live so," I quoted gaily.

"Yes; but if, say in three years' time," he persisted, "we are getting on, and you think you could care enough, will you marry me?"

"If I find, after three years, that I care enough about you, I will marry you," I replied guardedly, knowing enough regarding the "artistic temperament" to be quite safe in giving a promise of that nature. For long before the three years had passed, Jimmie Bruce would have had more loves to supplant my memory than he could manage. But at that time I knew it was very real to him. It always is!

"Won't you kiss me, dear?" he said tenderly.

I raised my face and bestowed an arctic caress upon him somewhere in the region of his chin.

"There!" I said, disengaging myself from his embrace. "Now you must go, Jimmie, and let me study for the rehearsal to-morrow. I want to be perfect."

So he took himself off reluctantly, and I heaved a great sigh of relief.

I was glad to have staved off any recriminations; and, after all, to live at peace with one's fellow-creatures was much more preferable than being at daggers drawn, even if it should bring into play the more subtle under currents of human nature.

In coming to an understanding with Jimmie I had calculated without Lola Lambert, a pretty, dark girl, with Italian blood in her veins. She played the part of a "chambermaid" in the company, and had been previously in another company with my present impressionable admirer, and I had no doubt but that the usual love passages had taken place between them.

That she was slightly jealous I was well aware, and it amused me that she should care so much for what was merely an interlude to me. So when she came up to me one day, and offered to share rooms with me in our next town, where apartments were supposed to be very dear, I was surprised, but readily agreed, as I was getting very tired of Jimmie Bruce's constant espionage, and thought that by living with Miss Lambert I should see less of him.

On the Monday evening, while I was in the dressing-room, waiting for her to return with me, the stage-manager came round, and told me there would be a rehearsal the next morning for the part of "Wynsomme," with the principals, as Miss Bride, our leading lady, had to go to London as a witness in a libel case, and I was to play her part while she was away.

When we were having supper, Lola remarked, with a sneer on her handsome face, that "Wynsomme" should be really played by a dark woman, and that she had been

promised the understudy of it.

"My dear girl!" I said coolly, "why on earth do you tell me that? The proper person to hear complaints is the manager, or the stage-manager. I can't refuse to go on because you were promised the part, as you say."

She muttered something about "favourites," but I ignored her altogether, and, except for a vindictive glance from her black eyes, the threatening storm passed off.

The following morning the rehearsal went very well, and, when I was waiting at the stage-door for a shower to pass, Jimmie Bruce brought me a bunch of Parma violets.

"For luck!" he said, with a smile; and Lola Lambert, standing near us, flushed suddenly, and then grew deathly pale.

When she turned to me, however, her face was wreathed in smiles, and I was puzzled at the quick command she had over her features.

"Blanche, come for a walk," she said brightly, "it will freshen you up for this evening."

I hesitated.

"Do come," she pleaded prettily. "I know of a lovely walk quite near. We can get out into the country on the

electric tram, and then we will find ourselves suddenly in the heart of Nature."

I did not like to refuse her; besides it was a lovely day, and I longed for a breath of country air.

So we arranged to have an early dinner at two, and then set off.

She was very gay, and had a pretty pink colour in her usually sallow cheeks. Together we made a splendid foil for each other, and were often called "Morning and Night."

I could not eat anything at dinner, excitement made me refuse both food and drink, and Lola seemed disappointed that I did not touch the wine to which she had generously treated me.

When we reached the tram terminus I saw that she had not exaggerated the beauty of the country surroundings, and we walked down a picturesque lane that led into a wood thickly studded with trees.

We came presently to an old watch tower, or rather the ruins of one, covered with ivy, and Lola went to investigate. Suddenly I heard my name called.

I went forward and saw her inside the tower, holding open a rusty-looking door.

"Come in," she said, laughingly. "It's awfully interesting."

She stood back for me to pass her, and then a strange thing happened.

The heavy door she had been holding back suddenly shut with a loud clang that echoed through the gloomy tower. I turned quickly.

"Lola! Where are you? How shall we open the door?"

But she did not answer, and, coming as it were from a distance, I heard the sound of a mocking laugh.

With a chill foreboding I felt for the latch or bar to open the door myself, but my fingers only came in contact with moist ivy, so I gave it up in despair, and turned to examine the place in which I was a prisoner.

It was dark, and everywhere I placed my hands I was met by the clustering masses of ivy and moss that sent a creepy sensation down my spine. Then, after a few moments of fruitless stumbling, I began to realise the horror of my situation.

Here was I, bound to play a leading part in the evening performance that might be the turning point in my career as an actress, caged in a lonely tower in the midst of strange scenery by a jealous and vindictive woman, who resented my having taken

both her lover and the part she coveted.

I saw in a flash of inspiration the meaning of her sudden change of front, and reviled myself for the way in which I had walked into the trap. My enemies had hitherto been men, but I was to learn that the assumed friendship of a woman was a more deadly venom than the undisguised rancour of a man.

I flung myself against the door, which bore the weight of my slender body in grim silence, and as I noticed the one ray of light that fell through a chink in the wall grow gradually fainter, tears of despair rolled down my cheeks.

Suddenly I pulled myself together.

Night was coming on, that woman must not play my part, even if I arrived to go on as the curtain was rising.

I moved from the door, and began to grope my way along the wall once more. Fearfully, and with trembling steps, I slowly travelled round half the tower, when I stumbled on to what seemed like a stone staircase. I put my foot on the bottom step, and gradually found myself at the top, where there was an aperture concealed by the growth of ivy. I brushed it aside with impatient fingers, then put my head through, and saw that I was some twelve feet above the level of the ground. If I managed to squeeze through the narrow hole, and let myself drop to the earth below, it would be preferable, even if I were hurt, to remaining in that gloomy tower waiting to be missed.

Acting upon my resolution, I cautiously drew myself up to the broken part of the wall, and, being slender, I had no difficulty in getting through. Then I balanced myself on the ledge, and, with my heart in my mouth, I let go, falling to the ground with my ankle twisted under me!

The pain was intense, but I realised that I had not finished half my appointed task of self delivery, so I limped slowly along, and, after what seemed an interminable length of time, I reached the high road. It was quite dusk, and again I imagined to myself the fury of the stage-manager, and the joy of Lola Lambert when I failed to appear.

I rested for a moment or two, hoping a cart or trap might come past, but the road was desolate, and as I started to limp slowly on

hot tears of misery blinded my eyes.

Suddenly I seemed to hear in the distance the quick "clip-clop" on the hard road of a horse's hoofs, and as I listened with hope in my heart, they drew nearer.

This was my last chance, and I seized it.

I dragged myself into the middle of the road, and waved my handkerchief, calling to the driver to stop.

He pulled up sharply, and peered over the horse's head to see who had hailed him.

"Oh, please drive me to the Theatre Royal," I gasped. "I have hurt my ankle, and must get there in time to play to-night."

Without wasting any time he put out his hand and helped me up beside him, wrapping a rug closely round me. My hat had gone long ago, and had he been able to see me clearly, my good Samaritan would have been startled.

"It's about six-forty now," he said, "and we are seven miles from Halifax. It will be a close shave, but I'll do my best to get you to the stage-door in time. When does the curtain go up?"

"Seven-thirty," I moaned, the pain in my ankle making my voice weak.

He whipped the horse up briskly, and we almost tore along that lonely road in silence, for the wind was rising, and the pace we were going at made speech, even had we desired it, impossible.

At last we arrived at the stage-door, and there I saw Jimmie Bruce looking anxious and white. When he realised that it was I, his pseudo fiancée, in the dogcart with a stranger, he

face grew both relieved and jealous at the same time. But seeing I was unfit to explain, he helped me down, and without waiting to thank my deliverer, I was carried into the dressing-room which I shared with Lola Lambert, and immediately fainted.

When I recovered I explained to the anxious and inquisitive crowd that had gathered the reason of my delay, and that I would not have been in the theatre then had not the stranger assisted me.

My sympathetic fellow actresses helped me to dress, and somehow I was made up, for the curtain was kept down ten minutes in order to give me a little extra time.

"Where is Miss Lambert?" I asked, "I thought she would be playing my part by now."

"We thought you were both together," they said. "Jimmie told us you arranged to go for a walk this afternoon."

"Then she must be at our rooms," I replied.

"No one knows your address this week, dear, as it unfortunately happened," answered one of the girls.

I gave it to them, and then, feeling ill and miserable, I limped on to the stage to play the part to which I had long looked forward; but now the chance had come it was lost, because I could not play it as I would have done before.

After the first act Jimmie came round to my dressing-room with a glass containing an egg beaten up in brandy.

"Drink this, dear," he said kindly, then, abruptly, "Do you know who that chap was who picked you up?"

I shook my head wearily.

"It was the author of the new play Harcourt is arranging to produce for the next tour," he said; and went on jealously.

"I suppose he will fall in love with you now, confound him!" I laughed.

"Really, Jimmie, don't talk so foolishly! I shouldn't know the man again; besides," I added maliciously, "it's nothing to do with you who falls in love with me!"

"At any rate he's in front now, and you promised me," he protested angrily.

"Yes, after three years!" I laughed. "Now go away. You get on my nerves."

He went out of the room sulkily, and I finished my second act toilet leisurely. My ankle was swollen and painful, but an arnica bandage was on it, easing the pain.

I got through the rest of the evening somehow, and was surprised to hear that I was considered "good" in the part. In fact, I was looked upon as a sort of heroine.

At the finish of the third act, when the curtain rose for the "call," I remembered Jimmie's remark about the new author, and flashed a quick glance into the stage box, then nearly cried out in surprise. For, smiling gravely at me, I saw in the new author and my unknown knight-errant, Wilfrid Hyne!

Wilfrid Hyne Comes Again.

WILFRED HYNE! Once again he appeared before me as I stood, metaphorically speaking, on the brink of a new experience. Firstly at Brighton, when I started to explore the Unknown, secondly in London, when my fortunes were at their lowest ebb; then, thirdly, once more to my rescue, and lastly, to witness my first important performance.

Had the gods in their solemn conclaves appointed this man to be at my elbow whenever the Fates were using me roughly, so that he could set me safely on high ground before he disappeared again?

It was almost with a feeling of awe that I gazed at him, then the curtain fell, and I woke from my dream with a start.

"Well done, little 'Saint,'" said the cheery voice of Edgar Carton, the heavy lead, patting me on my back. "I can see great days in store for you yet—days of triumph, and crowns of laurels! and—"

"And days of 'leading,' too? Eh, 'Cartey,' old man?" laughed our "low comedy," with a good-natured allusion to certain Micawber-like propensities indulged in by the heavy lead.

I got away from them at last. Their fun and jokes jarred somehow, and I wanted to think, to wonder would he come round to speak to me, or should I lose sight of my mysterious friend for all time, and drift back into the old monotonous circle of provincial tours?

While I was removing my stage costume with the aid of my dresser, for my ankle was now paining me fearfully, and the reaction from all the day's excitement had begun to tell upon me, there was a knock at the door, and I heard Mr. Harcourt's voice saying:

"Miss St. Lawrence, may we come in for a few minutes if you are presentable?"

I flung my dressing-jacket hastily over my shoulders, and, after a few seconds' hesitation, he came in accompanied by Mr. Lindsay, the stage-manager. They both looked very grave, and I wondered if they had bad news for me.

Mr. Harcourt did not appeal to me in the least as a man, but as a manager he was all that could be desired, being dignified, courteous, and kindly at heart.

His one vulnerable spot was his intense belief in his powers as an actor, and the opinion of one and all who had seen him play was "rotten actor, but decent man."

"I sent round to your address," he began, after mentioning my performance in flattering terms, "to see whether Miss Lambert had returned, and to get an explanation of her conduct to you. She was just waking up, having apparently taken

some drug in a glass of wine.

"Mr. Lindsay waited until she was fully sensible and gave her a fortnight's salary, informing her that her services would be no longer required. So I don't think you need have any fear of her for the future. But I came to ask you whether you had any wish to carry the matter further?"

"Further?" I echoed vaguely.

"Yes, do you wish to prosecute for an attempted assault?"

"Oh, no, no!" I said hastily, rising to my feet and clasping my hands together. "I could not do such a thing; besides, Mr. Harcourt, she has suffered enough in losing her engagement, and I could not kick a fallen enemy."

Afterwards, when the enmity of Lola Lambert had brought me low, and I was bereft of love, courage, and hope, my generously-spoken words came back to mock and cut my writhing soul into wails of living fire!

"Oh, very well!" he said, shrugging his shoulders. "It's as you please, of course! However, I have also a piece of pleasant news for you. There is an old friend of yours outside waiting to see you, so I won't stay any longer, child. Be as quick as you can!" and, with a suspicious twinkle in his managerial eye, he left the room, while I dressed myself with trembling fingers and beating heart.

He was waiting! The man who had always been the one bright spot in my imagination, and now the very portals of my heart seemed to be opening to him, my fairy prince! I laughed softly as I put on my coat, and suddenly remembered that my hat was reposing calmly in the grim confines of the ivy-covered watch tower!

I gazed at myself in the glass. The electric light made me look pale and haggard, and almost unconsciously my hand went to the "harefoot," that popular purveyor of complexions in a theatrical dressing-room. But I dropped it hastily.

I would not meet him looking in the least bit artificial or professional. Even though late hours and grease paint had eaten all my former colour, as a canker gnaws into a rose, I preferred to risk appearing jaded to winning, undeserved, a fleeting admiration.

I limped out of the dressing-room, and painfully wended my way to the door that separates the stage from the front of the house.

I had received word that Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt and some friends were in the circle foyer, and it was with mixed feelings of shyness and excitement that I approached into the full glare of the brilliant electric light.

"Ah, here you are, my dear!" said the genial wife of our pompous manager, who had herself once been a provincial "star," but now was content to occasionally travel with her husband, having resigned herself with admirable tact to the rôle of dowager satellite, her daughter now posing as "the youngest actress-manageress on the road!"

So time bears away our laurels, leaving us but the husks of memory upon which to feed! Mrs. Harcourt then introduced me to the two ladies of the party, who said pretty platitudes to me in the usual manner of people to whom an actress off the stage is yet a novelty. I answered them vaguely, my eyes fixed upon a familiar figure

surrounded by a group of men.

"Would he never turn round?" I asked myself in piqued vexation, and at that moment he did so, almost as though there existed a link of telepathy between us. So, for the second time, Wilfrid Hyne and myself stood face to face!

"Miss St. Lawrence and I need no introduction," he said, in his rich, musical voice, and to my highly-strung imagination he seemed to place a significant emphasis upon my surname. Then I remembered that he had told me to keep to my own name for professional purposes, and must have wondered why I had changed it.

If he had only known! But I never meant to reveal my real reason! I knew instinctively how he would look! I hardly spoke, but each pulse in my being seemed to have a separate voice, and I was crying aloud for very happiness that I was near him, that his grave, kindly eyes were scrutinising me, taking in every detail of my appearance.

"So you are quite an old stager!" he said smilingly. "And a successful one to boot! It is strange that we should meet so unexpectedly each time!"

"Yes, and this evening it seemed as though you were sent expressly to my assistance!" I replied.

"I am glad, more glad than I can tell you that I happened to come to you," he said gravely. "I did not imagine that you were so near. You seemed to be almost like a dream to me."

"Ah, dreams sometimes come true, and when we wake up we find that what we thought a dream was merely a nightmare!" I rejoined, with a half-flippant, half-nervous laugh.

I saw his eyes cloud over, and his mouth grow set; then he rose and said slowly:

"Perhaps you are right, Miss St. Lawrence. It is wiser to keep our dreams apart from our lives, so that we may refresh ourselves in sweet speculation regarding them, rather than, as you suggest, letting a too near acquaintance bring about disillusion."

Then he moved away with a slight bow, and I sat on the velvet lounge feeling more like a snubbed child put in its place than a rather heroic young actress with a career in front of her!

So this was the much longed-for, much dreaded meeting between myself and my knight-errant! He was disgusted already at the change from a natural, rather naïve girl, into a would-be smart and frivolous actress,

typical of her provincial surroundings.

But others were not so fastidious, and my wounded amour propre was saved by the essence of complimentary remarks paid me by one or two men of the party, and I had the satisfaction of making them laugh loudly at my gay retorts and nonsense that rippled forth, in spite of the agony of my foot and a fearful headache.

Wilfrid Hyne stood some distance away talking gravely to Mr. Harcourt, but occasionally he would flash a quick glance in our direction and frown, as though annoyed that merriment could exist when he did not desire it, and I began to ask myself whether I had not also made a mistake in regarding an ordinary prig in the light of a modern Sir Galahad!

I refused the offers of my admirers to see me home, and remembered that I had promised to have supper with Jimmy Bruce, who had arranged a little party in my honour at his rooms!

What would he think at my ignoring his invitation? "Professionals" were so ridiculous regarding what they looked upon as a "slight," or a personal affront, and the limited intelligences of "Jimmy and Co." would instantly attribute my lapse of memory to "getting in with the Management," or "suffering from a swollen head!" in other words, considering myself too good for their society! I realised in a flash that I had hammered yet another nail of enmity into my poor little coffin!

I crept, or rather crawled, away after bidding Mrs. Har-

court a whispered "Good-night!" and assuring her that I would get to my rooms quite safely without an escort. I was glad to leave the theatre and feel the cool air upon my tired brow.

It was a clear moonlight night, and I was proceeding painfully on my way home when hurried footsteps behind me made me pause and a well-known voice cried out reproachfully:

"Why did you slip away like that? I only waited all the time to see you—alone."

Then he noticed that I was limping, and his voice was tenderly sympathetic as he said:

"Great Heavens, child! you can't walk with your foot like that! What a thoughtless brute I am! Wait here, and I will fetch a cab."

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The word will commend itself to all, and we shall soon be saying "I'll wave you," or "Wave reply."

face grow both relieved and jealous at the same time. But seeing I was unfit to explain, he helped me down, and without waiting to thank my deliverer, I was carried into the dressing-room which I shared with Lola Lambert, and immediately faint.

When I recovered I explained to the anxious and inquisitive crowd that had gathered the reason of my delay, and that I would not have been in the theatre then had not the stranger assisted me.

My sympathetic fellow actresses helped me to dress, and somehow I was made up, for the curtain was kept down ten minutes in order to give me a little extra time.

"Where is Miss Lambert?" I asked. "I thought she would be playing my part by now."

"We thought you were both together," they said. "Jimmie told us you arranged to go for a walk this afternoon."

"Then she must be at our rooms," I replied.

"No one knew your address this week, dear, as it unfortunately happened," answered one of the girls.

I gave it to them, and then, feeling ill and miserable, I limped on to the stage to play the part to which I had long looked forward; but now the chance had come it was lost, because I could not play it as I would have done before.

After the first act Jimmie came round to my dressing-room with a glass containing an egg beaten up in brandy.

"Drink this, dear," he said kindly, then, abruptly, "Do you know who that chap was who picked you up?"

I shook my head wearily.

"It was the author of the new play Harcourt is arranging to produce for the next tour," he said; and went on jealously.

"I suppose he will fall in love with you now, confound him!" I laughed.

"Really, Jimmie, don't talk so foolishly! I shouldn't know the man again; besides," I added maliciously, "it's nothing to do with you who falls in love with me!"

"At any rate he's in front now, and you promised me," he protested angrily.

"Yes, after three years!" I laughed. "Now go away. You get on my nerves."

He went out of the room sulkily, and I finished my second act toilet leisurely. My ankle was swollen and painful, but an arnica bandage was on it, easing the pain.

I got through the rest of the evening somehow, and was surprised to hear that I was considered "good" in the part. In fact, I was looked upon as a sort of heroine.

At the finish of the third act, when the curtain rose for the "call," I remembered Jimmie's remark about the new author, and flashed a quick glance into the stage box, then nearly cried out in surprise. For, smiling gravely at me, I saw in the new author and my unknown knight-errant, Wilfrid Hyne!

Wilfrid Hyne Comes Again.

WILFRED HYNE! Once again he appeared before me as I stood, metaphorically speaking, on the brink of a new experience. Firstly at Brighton, when I started to explore the Unknown, secondly in London, when my fortunes were at their lowest ebb; then, thirdly, once more to my rescue, and lastly, to witness my first important performance.

Had the gods in their solemn conclaves appointed this man to be at my elbow whenever the Fates were using me roughly, so that he could set me safely on high ground before he disappeared again?

It was almost with a feeling of awe that I gazed at him, then the curtain fell, and I woke from my dream with a start.

"Well done, little 'Saint,'" said the cheery voice of Edgar Carton, the heavy lead, patting me on my back. "I can see great days in store for you yet—days of triumph, and crowns of laurels! and—"

"And days of 'leading,' too? Eh, 'Cartey,' old man?" I laughed over my "low comedy," with a good-natured allusion to certain Micawber-like propensities indulged in by the heavy lead.

I got away from them at last. Their fun and jokes jarred somehow, and I wanted to think, to wonder would he come round to speak to me, or should I lose sight of my mysterious friend for all time, and drift back into the old monotonous circle of provincial tours?

While I was removing my stage costume with the aid of my dresser, for my ankle was now paining me fearfully, and the reaction from all the day's excitement had begun to tell upon me, there was a knock at the door, and I heard Mr. Harcourt's voice saying:

"Miss St. Lawrence, may we come in for a few minutes if you are presentable?"

I flung my dressing-jacket hastily over my shoulders, and, after a few seconds' hesitation, he came in accompanied by Mr. Lindsay, the stage-manager. They both looked very grave, and I wondered if they had bad news for me.

Mr. Harcourt did not appeal to me in the least as a man, but as a manager he was all that could be desired, being dignified, courteous, and kindly at heart.

His one vulnerable spot was his intense belief in his powers as an actor, and the opinion of one and all who had seen him play was "rotten actor, but decent man."

"I sent round to your address," he began, after mentioning my performance in flattering terms, "to see whether Miss Lambert had returned, and to get an explanation of her conduct to you. She was just waking up, having apparently taken

some drug in a glass of wine.

"Mr. Lindsay waited until she was fully sensible and gave her a fortnight's salary, informing her that her services would be no longer required. So I don't think you need have any fear of her for the future. But I came to ask you whether you had any wish to carry the matter further?"

"Further?" I echoed vaguely.

"Yes, do you wish to prosecute for an attempted assault?"

"Oh, no, no!" I said hastily, rising to my feet and clasping my hands together. "I could not do such a thing; besides, Mr. Harcourt, she has suffered enough in losing her engagement, and I could not kick a fallen enemy."

Afterwards, when the enmity of Lola Lambert had brought me low, and I was bereft of love, courage, and hope, my generously-spoken words came back to mock and cut my writhing soul into veins of living fire!

"Oh, very well!" he said, shrugging his shoulders. "It's as you please, of course! However, I have also a piece of pleasant news for you. There is an old friend of yours outside waiting to see you, so I won't stay any longer, child. Be as quick as you can!" and, with a suspicious twinkle in his managerial eye, he left the room, while I dressed myself with trembling fingers and beating heart.

He was waiting! The man who had always been the one bright spot in my imagination, and now the very portals of my heart seemed to be opening to him, my fairy prince! I laughed softly as I put on my coat, and suddenly remembered that my hat was reposing calmly in the grim confines of the ivy-covered watch tower!

I gazed at myself in the glass. The electric light made me look pale and haggard, and almost unconsciously my hand went to the "hairsfoot," that popular purveyor of complexions in a theatrical dressing-room. But I dropped it hastily.

I would not meet him looking in the least bit artificial or professional. Even though late hours and grease paint had eaten all my former colour, as a canker gnaws into a rose, I preferred to risk appearing jaded to winning, undeserved, a fleeting admiration.

I limped out of the dressing-room, and painfully wended my way to the door that separates the stage from the front of the house.

I had received word that Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt and some friends were in the circle foyer, and it was with mixed feelings of shyness and excitement that I approached into the full glare of the brilliant electric light.

"Ah, here you are, my dear!" said the genial wife of our pompous manager, who had herself once been a provincial "star," but now was content to occasionally travel with her husband, having resigned herself with admirable tact to the rôle of dowager satellite, her daughter now posing as "the youngest actress-managers on the road!"

So time bears away our laurels, leaving us but the husks of memory upon which to feed! Mrs. Harcourt then introduced me to the two ladies of the party, who said pretty platitudes to me in the usual manner of people to whom an actress off the stage is yet a novelty. I answered them vaguely, my eyes fixed upon a familiar figure

surrounded by a group of men.

"Would he never turn round?" I asked myself in piqued vexation, and at that moment he did so, almost as though there existed a link of telepathy between us. So, for the second time, Wilfrid Hyne and myself stood face to face!

"Miss St. Lawrence and I need no introduction," he said, in his rich, musical voice, and to my highly-strung imagination he seemed to place a significant emphasis upon my surname. Then I remembered that he had told me to keep to my own name for professional purposes, and must have wondered why I had changed it.

If he had only known! But I never meant to reveal my real reason! I knew instinctively how he would look! I hardly spoke, but each pulse in my being seemed to have a separate voice, and I was crying aloud for very happiness that I was near him, that his grave, kindly eyes were scrutinising me, taking in every detail of my appearance.

"So you are quite an old stager!" he said smilingly. "And a successful one to boot! It is strange that we should meet so unexpectedly each time!"

"Yes, and this evening it seemed as though you were sent expressly to my assistance!" I replied.

"I am glad, more glad than I can tell you that I happened to come to you," he said gravely. "I did not imagine that you were so near. You seemed to be almost like a dream to me."

"Ah, dreams sometimes come true, and when we wake up we find that what we thought a dream was merely a nightmare!" I rejoined, with a half-flippant, half-nervous laugh.

I saw his eyes cloud over, and his mouth grow set; then he rose and said slowly:

"Perhaps you are right, Miss St. Lawrence. It is wiser to keep our dreams apart from our lives, so that we may refresh ourselves in sweet speculation regarding them, rather than, as you suggest, letting a too near acquaintance bring about disillusion."

Then he moved away with a slight bow, and I sat on the velvet lounge feeling more like a snubbed child put in its place than a rather heroic young actress with a career in front of her!

So this was the much longed-for, much dreaded meeting between myself and my knight-errant! He was disgusted already at the change from a natural, rather naïve girl, into a would-be smart and frivolous actress,

typical of her provincial surroundings.

But others were not so fastidious, and my wounded *amour propre* was saved by the essence of complimentary remarks paid me by one or two men of the party, and I had the satisfaction of making them laugh loudly at my gay retorts and nonsense that rippled forth, in spite of the agony of my foot and a fearful headache.

Wilfrid Hyne stood some distance away talking gravely to Mr. Harcourt, but occasionally he would flash a quick glance in our direction and frown, as though annoyed that merriment could exist when he did not desire it, and I began to ask myself whether I had not also made a mistake in regarding an ordinary prig in the light of a modern Sir Galahad!

I refused the offers of my admirers to see me home, and remembered that I had promised to have supper with Jimmy Bruce, who had arranged a little party in my honour at his rooms!

What would he think at my ignoring his invitation? "Professionals" were so ridiculous regarding what they looked upon as a "slight," or a personal affront, and the limited intelligences of "Jimmy and Co." would instantly attribute my lapse of memory to "getting in with the Management," or "suffering from a swollen head!" in other words, considering myself too good for their society!

I realised in a flash that I had hammered yet another nail of enmity into my poor little coffin!

I crept, or rather crawled, away after bidding Mrs. Har-

court a whispered "Good-night!" and assuring her that I would get to my rooms quite safely without an escort. I was glad to leave the theatre and feel the cool air upon my tired brow.

It was a clear moonlight night, and I was proceeding painfully on my way home when hurried footsteps behind me made me pause and a well-known voice cried out reproachfully:

"Why did you slip away like that? I only waited all the time to see you—alone."

Then he noticed that I was limping, and his voice was tenderly sympathetic as he said:

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QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and two guineas a column for Replies.

REPLIES.

WHY WATER QUENCHES THIRST.

Why does Scalding Water Quench Thirst? (6512.)

Thirst, a word of Anglo-Saxon origin, and akin to the Latin "torreo," and our torrid or parched, describes a peculiar sensation of dryness and heat, located in the tongue and throat. Artificial thirst may be produced by the passage of a current of air over the mucous membrane of these parts, but normal thirst is the consequence of a lack of liquid in the system. The agony of extreme thirst is due to the fact that all the tissues sympathize in this distress.

It is then as a refreshing relief that a supply of water comes to thirsting lips, replacing what has been lost, cooling the parched palate, and rapidly removing the craving which has depressed the system. In short, water quenches thirst just because it supplies what at the moment is wanting and is most eagerly desired, so that Solomon could properly compare the gift of "cold water to a thirsty soul" to the advent of good news.

Thirst is to some extent appeased by the injection of water into the blood or body, though no fluid touches the part to which the sensation is referred.

VEGETABLE SYMPATHIES.

Have Flowers Sympathies and Antipathies? (6513.)

Curious and instinctive mutual advances of certain flowers to one another, called by Mathioli "the friendships of plants," were the first to attract attention. A certain sympathy for one another, apart altogether from their natural habitat, was soon to exist, as if each enjoyed the proximity of the other.

The yellow wort, with its large, handsome flowers, is never very far away from the bee orchid. The tall, purple-flowered loosestrife, with tapering spikes, seems to rejoice in the presence of the willow. Others, again, such as the lilac scabiosa and the flax plant, have an antipathy for one another, and, if brought together, will languish and die.

It seems that roots emit substances favourable to certain species and harmful to others. Professor Bruggmann, of Leyden, found that a product from violet roots acted as poison to other plants. In Germany agricultural science has taken into account this vegetable sympathy, and Schwern points out how cereals should be allied, to increase the produce of the fields.

ROSE FESTIVALS.

Where is the Rose Festival held? (6512.)

In some parts of France Rose Festivals are held on June 8th, the Feast Day of St. Medard, Bishop of Noyon, who is said to have originated them at Salency about A.D. 800. These take the form of a religious ceremony, and the Rose Queen is conducted in procession to her seat of state in the church.

Similar festivals of more secular sort have been held in other districts on Napoleon's birthday, August 15th, which is also the Festival of the Assumption. An eye-witness tells us that at Asnières, some forty years ago, all the people were astir early on a brilliant morning to decorate the streets with flags and banners and to hold high holiday. At the appointed hour a fair maiden, selected for her worth and modesty, was escorted by a bevy of white-robed girls to the marketplace. There, uplifted on a throne, she was crowned with roses, and acclaimed as "La Rosière."

A Rose Festival on similar lines is held in England by the children of Whiteland's College School, at Chelsea.

HOW BLISTERS ARE RAISED.

Why does Scalding Water Raise a Blister? (6512.)

A blister is the vesicle, or bladder, which is formed by an effusion of serum—the watery portion of the blood—underneath the scarf, or outer skin. Any such powerful irritant as boiling water may produce blisters, and we may regard their formation as an effort of Nature to protect the true and acutely sensitive inner skin from attack.

The fact speaks for itself, but the reason for this injurious action of scalding water has a much deeper seat. Our blood vessels are supplied with nerves, and the stimulation of these causes in some cases is dilatation, in others contraction. Any excessive stimulus will cause paralysis of the muscular coat of the vessels, and consequent stagnation of the blood in these parts, and then their nutrition is impaired.

It is owing to the condition thus induced by scalding water that the serum oozes through the vessel wall and makes its way into the surrounding tissue. This raises the upper and insensible skin into a blister, which probably takes its name from the Anglo-Saxon blōestan, to blast or puff.

BRITISH PRIVATE PRISONS.

Were there ever Private Prisons in England? (6520.)

Howard, in his work on prisons, gives many instances of these. Some belonged to bishops, or to county families, whose property they were, as lords of the "franchise" or grant from the Crown. Thus the felons' gaol for the county of Devon was the private property of John Denny Rolle, whose family had long held it as a grant from the Duchy of Cornwall, and who received from it an income of £22 per annum, paid by the keeper. He squeezed this, and his livelihood, from the fees paid by prisoners, and his profits on the sale of beer.

Both Ely and Durham possessed private prisons, the properties of their Bishops. In these the crying evils of the time flourished, even when the land was ringing with the call for reform.

Many petty prisons, belonging to courts, manors, and various liberties, were by Howard dragged into the light of day. One for debtors, at Whitechapel, was owned by the lady of the manor, who shared with the keeper the proceeds of his extortion from the prisoners.

THE LAST OF THE BOW IN BATTLE.

When did the Archer Finally Disappear from Warfare in Great Britain? (6521.)

Archery, of which Edward III. spoke in a letter to the Sheriff of London as "no small assistance in our warlike acts," and which for centuries bore so prominent a part in our national military history, ceased to be practised, so far as its use in warfare was concerned, before the reign of Charles II., though it found high favour in his time as a healthful outdoor exercise and pastime.

Charles I., himself skilled in the use of the long bow, appointed two special commissions to enforce the practice of archery; but with the civil war the art died out. In that terrible struggle bows and arrows, weapons that had won so many fields, took no part, except to a small extent in the guerilla warfare carried on against Cromwell in the Scottish Highlands, where they were carried by fighting archers for the last time.

The use of the bow in battle had continued long after the invention of gunpowder in 1320. It is recorded, for instance, that in 1579 Queen Elizabeth offered to place 3,000 archers at the disposal of Charles IX. of France.

SHORT-SIGHTED INSECTS.

Which Insect has the Shortest Range of Sight? (6526.)

Although most insects are provided with two kinds of eyes, the simple, and the compound or facet eye, all experiments go to show that their range of sight is extremely limited. The most rudimentary eye is found in the larva of the water beetle: in this case the power of vision is so limited that they are nearly blind.

Most caterpillars, even when possessing five or six eye spots, can do little more than distinguish between light and darkness; their utmost range would be about

an inch. Plateau found that scorpions can only see the length of their own pincers, and that spiders are as short-sighted as not to see their prey four inches off. Sir John Lubbock confirmed this repeatedly, by finding spiders unable to detect their own eggs at half an inch.

Claparède made many experiments to find out the distance at which the faceted eye can see as clearly as the human eye: the result was that at a yard away no distinct vision was possible, and the object had to be within an eighth of an inch to answer the proposed end.

PEARLS OF PRICE.

Where do the Best Pearls Come From? (6527.)

From early times the best pearls have come from India and the Persian Gulf, the "Orient pearls" of Shakespeare; and many fine specimens are found in the Sulu Seas to the north-east of Borneo, on the coast of Australia, in the Gulf of Mexico, and on the shores of the South Pacific Isles.

The pearl oyster in the Pacific occurs generally in the clear water of the lagoons, but fine shells are also found in deep water, outside the coral reefs.

River pearls of rare lustre have recently been found in the State of Wisconsin, and are not uncommon nearer home. Writing in 1705, John Spruel says:—"I have dealt in pearls these forty years, and yet to this day never could sell a necklace of fine Scots pearls in Scotland, nor yet fine pendants, the generality seeking Oriental pearls because further fetched. At this very day I can show some of our own Scots pearls as fine, more hard and transparent than any Oriental."

British pearls are praised by Tacitus and Pliny, and a breastplate studded with these gems was dedicated to Venus Genetrix by Julius Caesar.

NIHIL TETIGIT QUOD NON ORNAVIT.

Who was the most Many-sided Man in our History? (6528.)

Francis Bacon, whom Pope described as "The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind." He was author, philosopher, traveller, statesman, lawyer, inventor, and courtier. Queen Elizabeth, when he was a child, called him "her young lordkeeper," on account of his precocity, and later on made him her Counsel-Extraordinary. Under James I. he became Lord High Chancellor, and on being deprived of this office for bribery and corruption he took up philosophical research, and published many learned works which have since become classics. The fact of his many-sidedness is advanced as one of the strongest arguments for the theory that he may have written the plays and poems ascribed to Shakespeare.

Although less prominent in history, James Crichton, known as the Admirable Crichton, was as universal a genius. He was master of ten languages before he was twenty, was the finest swordsman of his time, possessed a marvellous voice, and could play almost any musical instrument. At Paris, and again at Rome, he defeated four doctors of the church in public disputation, and at Mantua he killed the most famous prizefighter in Europe.

HAD MAN EVER MORE TEETH?

Had Man ever more Teeth than he now Possesses? (6529.)

Man's formula, as is well known, only gives thirty-two teeth for his permanent set. Notwithstanding this, many cases are on record in which supernumerary incisors, canines, bicuspids, and molar teeth have appeared, and in more than one generation.

A few instances even are known in which extra teeth have occurred both in the "milk" and permanent sets. It has, therefore, been suggested that these frequent appearances are due to atavism, or a return to an anterior type. Some lower races of mankind give evident indications of this.

Albrecht has established the fact that the mouth is often the seat of a defect known as "cleft palate," and it frequently happens that children with complete clefts have three incisor teeth in the cleft jaw, and occasionally on both sides. Man in the normal state inherits in the upper jaw the germs of three incisors, one of which usually becomes suppressed, but in cases of "cleft palate" the additional space is favourable to the full development of the germ of the third incisor.

QUESTIONS.

6531. Does the attraction of the moon lessen the pressure of the ocean on its bed?
6532. Why are street lights so bright just before rain?
6533. What are the "Six Pillars of Science"?
6534. Why did the ancient Egyptians consider the beetle sacred?
6535. Why are college servants at Oxford called "scouts" and at Cambridge "cups"?
6536. Did a poetical quotation ever save a city?
6537. What modern cathedral has been built by the efforts of one man?
6538. What citizens of old were cruelly punished for joking about their emperor?
6539. What noted historian gave a vivid description of an event that never happened?
6540. Has cultivation ever given fragrance to flowers?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print selection of replies to each question, and shall pay at the rate of 2s. 6d. a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of questions, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in full, in the top right-hand corner, as by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payments will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

BOWLES: "What does this author mean by saying that the hero had 'well-carved' features?"
DOBBLES: "Perhaps he shaved himself."

MR. GUSHER: "Darling! You refuse me a kiss? Has not my avowal the ring of true love about it?"
MISS CUTE: "Yes, dear, but my finger hasn't."

A CERTAIN member of Parliament was to make a speech near Derby, but was unable to do so because the heavy rains had destroyed a portion of a branch railway. Accordingly he sent his telegram: "Cannot come; wash-out on line."

In a few hours the reply came: "Never mind. Come any way. Borrow a shirt."

"Did the coroner's jury ascertain what caused Bower's sudden death?"

"Yes; it appears that he received a plumber's bill in his morning's post."

"But surely that didn't kill him?"

"That wasn't it; but in the evening the plumber himself called and said there was an overcharge in the bill that he wished to correct."

Founded 1871.

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The mystery of the murder of King Humbert of Italy is fully cleared up by "An International Spy," in the May PEARSON'S.



A Wire Entanglement Round Great Britain was Suggested.

While a Defence of Martello Towers along the Coast was Actually Tried.

To cut Scotland in halves is the latest defence scheme proposed. A ship canal is to be constructed between the Firth of Forth and the Clyde. This, say the advocates of the idea, by enabling our fleet to pass with swiftness from one coast to the other, would increase vastly the value of our new naval base at St. Margaret's Hope.

The canal need not, it is estimated, cost more than £7,000,000. It would be thirty miles long, and would run along the Kelvin Valley. No engineering difficulties exist that could not be easily surmounted, and there is no doubt there would be a considerable revenue therefrom once it were constructed, since a merchant ship bound from, say, Glasgow to London, would save by its use no fewer than 540 miles.

There is, therefore, nothing inherently extravagant or impossible about the proposal. But the same cannot be said of most of the many queer schemes for the better guarding of our tight little island, that are

from time to time put forward.

For instance, some thirty years ago a gentleman named Leonard, a civil engineer, advocated a plan for entirely surrounding England and Scotland with three steel cables, placed one above the other.

The lowermost of these was to be no fewer than three feet in diameter, and was to rest on the bottom of the sea at a distance from the shore varying, according to the nature and trend of the ground, between five hundred yards and one mile.

The second cable, eighteen inches in diameter, was to be carried twelve feet above the first, with which it was to be connected at frequent intervals by means of perpendicular rods; and the third, which was to be similarly connected with the second, was to be six inches in diameter only, and was to be within a few feet of the surface at low water.

This latter was, in time of war, to carry a powerful electric current, and would automatically fire dynamite mines when struck by any ship. It would also register at once any attempt at a hostile landing

anywhere along our coasts.

Ridicule killed the idea. "Mr. Leonard wants," remarked one leading journal, "to put Madam Britannia in a crinoline." It is not easy, either, to see how the ingenious propounder of the scheme proposed to guard against his extraordinary structure being damaged or carried away by vessels driven inshore through stress of weather in time of peace.

Almost as idiotic in reality, although not quite so patently ridiculous upon the face of it, was the idea of building a lot of little squat towers all round the southern and western coasts of England—a scheme which was actually put in practice, at least partially, early in the last century.

The idea seems to have arisen in consequence of the magnificent defence made by Le Tellier (February 8th, 1794) at the Tower of Mortella, with only thirty-eight men, against a simultaneous attack by sea and land, the former led by Lord Hood, and the latter

by Major-General Dundas.

For the same reason, also, the structures, when finished, were christened "Martello Towers," and by this name the few remaining ones are known to this day. They cost to build some £8,000 apiece, and never were of the slightest use, nor were ever likely to be.

A wire entanglement right round the coast was advocated in all seriousness by one of Pitt's most prominent supporters. It was during the scare about the French invasion, and the idea was that the enemy, on landing, would get so hopelessly mixed up in the then comparatively novel contrivance that they would be compelled to surrender at discretion.

And so perhaps they conceivably might have

done, for the proposed entanglement was to have been four hundred yards—or nearly a quarter of a mile—in width, and would have been flanked on either side by a deep ditch. But while experiments were being made came Waterloo, and with it came also the end of the invasion scare.

The scheme could not possibly, however, have been carried out in anything like its entirety, for the cost of acquiring the necessary ground alone was put down by the commissioners appointed to inquire into the matter at £180,000,000. And to this would have had to have been added over £75,000,000, the cost of construction, and between £1,000,000 and £2,000,000 per annum for repairs and upkeep.

Early in the fifties a retired Army officer named Macgregor persistently worried the Government with a proposal for defending the country from attack by means of balloons.

The existing coastguard stations were to be utilised for storing them, and where these were not available, sheds of corrugated iron were to be erected.

In each one or more of the balloons was to be kept, deflated in time of peace, inflated in time of war. On the enemy attempting to land they (the balloons) were to be sent up loaded with nitroglycerine-filled bombs, which were to be dropped from the clouds among them.

Strange though it may seem, the authorities were not by any means disposed to regard this queer proposal altogether unfavourably. Indeed, quite a number of influential people, including even, it was said, the aged Duke of Wellington himself, expressed themselves as being impressed both with its utility and its feasibility.

But again the question of cost cropped up. Balloons, it was discovered, were far more costly things to manufacture on an extensive scale than had been supposed. And, in the end, the scheme was dropped, to be heard of no more.

THE PRICE OF A GOWN.

The doctor was discouraged, for the neighbourhood was well;

The colic spared the little one, and also it befel

The elders had no troubles that demanded medic's skill;

No one in that vicinity was even slightly ill.

The doctor's wife was worried, for she longed to have a gown;

The doctor, when she mentioned it, could only darkly frown.

"There is," he said, "no chance at all of getting what you need

While every person hereabout is from all illness freed."

"Oh, woe is me! alas! alack!" then cried the doctor's wife.

"It's terrible indeed that I should have so hard a life; I must, it seems, have patience just because you patients lack;

I must, to go abroad in style, put someone on his back."

This woe she pondered deeply, but ere long was seen to smile.

"I have a plan," she said at last, "that really seems worth while;

I'll start at once a cooking school." He straightway ceased to frown.

"My dear," he cried most joyfully, "you'll surely get that gown."

And so the people suffered, while the doctor's wife in pride

Paraded in the handsome gown that once had been denied.

It cost—ah, well,—she gained it by this heartless, mean device,

And anyone can see that indigestion was the price.

MA: "Willie, what's your little brother crying for?"

Willie: "Just because he don't want to learn anything. I just took his sweets and showed him how to eat them."

DOCTOR: "James, did that lady in the waiting room come in her own carriage or a tramcar?"

Servant: "Tramcar, sir."

DOCTOR: "Thanks. I couldn't tell from her dress whether to prescribe three months at Harrogate or sulphur and treacle."

THE burglar softly opened the door of the suburbanite's sleeping apartment, slipped inside, and searched the room thoroughly, but found nothing worth stealing.

"Blow him!" he soliloquised: "I'll get some satisfaction out of him, anyway!"

Thereupon he set the alarm clock on the mantelpiece for the hour of three and softly departed.

MY BRIGHTON WALK.

The Cantankerous Crank gives his Experiences on the March.

I AM not, generally speaking, a lover of sport, but have always stuck up for pedestrianism. I have told the Editor that I consider it the only genuine sport there is. However, he is quite incapable of understanding the spirit in which one puts forward ideas of that kind. He seems to think one should put them into practice—a thing which is loathsome to me. Hearing there was some Stock Exchange scheme to walk to Brighton, he said:

"I suppose you'll come out strong over this. Let's hear about your own experiences on the march."

As a matter of fact I regard myself as the moral victor of the race in question. When on that memorable morning I lightly tripped down the steps of the Grand Hotel bound for the Aquarium, Brighton, I had taken none of the elaborate precautions sketched out for me by athletic cranks.

I had contented myself with two new tourist suits, an extra pair of boots or so, and a new rig-out of under linen, and set forth merrily. The first stopping place of interest on the road from London to Brighton is Croydon. Croydon has many Roman antiquities and electric cars.

I ought to tell you that I had avoided feeding myself on any special diet. Some idiot had recommended me before starting to subsist entirely on lentils, haricot beans, and wheatecake. I had to tell him that I was neither a herbaceous quadruped nor a garden refuse-bin.

Soon after leaving Croydon one enters Purley, a quiet little spot on the Surrey Hills. By the way, I was wearing just ordinary boots on the day of my walk. Some degenerate had recommended me to rub Russian tallow or pure yellow soap inside my woollen socks and under my knees and arms, and to use linen rags for my toes before starting. I had to tell him that I was walking, not acting as a motor car on this occasion, so required no greasing.

Redhill is another picturesque little town that the pedestrian passes on the way to Brighton. By the way, when I walk I don't adopt all sorts of crank devices with my feet. Some maniac I met before my walk told me not to forget to bring my heels and toes on to the ground at the same time. I told him I was not a hippotamus, and he got huffy.

Of course, one cannot escape mishap on a walk of this description. In the course of my march I had the misfortune to lose one of the corks I was carrying in my hands. The editor had recommended their use, so I had ordered at the office expense two bottles of champagne, from which to extract the corks and other contents. The loss was a misfortune, so at lunch time I had to secure another bottle to fill up the blank.

Another reason why I regard my triumph as rather a big thing, was that I did not find it necessary to adopt any acrobatic devices in covering the ground. Some maniac told me that I must remember to keep my knees straight, and twist my hips well so as to carry the leg well forward by the swing of the loins. I told him I was neither a kangaroo nor a boa constrictor. If any other walkers used this device, they should be disqualified.

From Redhill to Three Bridges is mere child's play for the pedestrian if he feels fit. When you reach the bridges, be careful to walk over the shortest of the three. It saves time.

When I say I was really the moral victor on the race day, I mean that I carried out my part of the business in a sportsmanlike fashion. If I saw a nursemaid furiously wheeling a perambulator, or a bath-chair man whizzing past me, I never even so much as thought of the possibilities of a lift. Then, as you know, you are not allowed to have anybody to pace you. Once I found myself walking behind a man who kept at an equal distance ahead of me for a quarter of a mile. He seemed positively determined to pace me, but I would have none of it. I preferred to wait until he had gone out of sight.

As one nears Brighton one feels distinctly inclined for a cup of tea. This meal on my march consisted of some tea and some bread and butter. The country near Brighton is undulating without being flat. The pedestrian is recommended to follow the gradations of the soil when walking, that is to say, he should ascend a hill which slopes upward, and descend one that does the reverse.

I arrived at the Aquarium, Brighton, in time for an excellent dinner. There is nothing like walking to give one an appetite.

I don't know if there is anything more to tell you about this walk of mine. Doubtless the Editor will have one of his usual comments to make. But one never expects gratitude from one of his years.

[Note.—You will observe that this contributor does not say that he walked from London to Brighton. He is, as usual, seeking to conceal the truth. As a matter of fact, the only walk he took on the day mentioned was along the sea front from the Grand Hotel, Brighton, to the Aquarium in that town. Possibly he got his description of the route from guide books.—EDITOR.]

**A Big Heart.**

At Davenham, Northwich, a singular case was investigated by Mr. Coroner Yates. Harry Eaton, aged thirty-five, chemical labourer, was found dead in bed. The case being inexplicable, Dr. Haward made a post-mortem examination. He said the deceased's heart was the most extraordinary he had ever seen. It weighed thirty-five and a quarter ounces instead of ten ounces. The walls were two inches thick.

They Motored Upstairs.

Three men in a motor-car attempted to mount the steps of the Capitol at Washington recently. At the sixteenth step the chain of the vehicle snapped and the car ran backwards into the street. The riders were not hurt, but the police arrested them.

Ex-Bluejacket an M.P.

Mr. J. A. Boyd, returned for Melbourne at the late Victorian General Election, boasts of having served her late Majesty as an A.B. Since he quitted the Navy and emigrated to Australia, Mr. Boyd has amassed much wealth. He is an ardent Imperialist.

Automatic Drinks.

At every railway station on the Prussian State Railways a drinking fountain is provided, but many people object to drinking out of the cup attached thereto. The Baden Railway authorities have now placed automatic machines next to the drinking fountains, from which may be obtained a nickel cup for 1d. or an aluminium cup for 2d.

60 Detectives After Him.

A man charged with horse-stealing at West Ham was visited by sixty detectives from various parts of London, who wanted to see if he was the particular horse-stealer they required. He was said to have cut away the side of the stable to get the animal out. Round the tongue of the horse a piece of string was tied, to prevent it from neighing.

Settling Disputes in Borneo.

The Dyaks of Borneo have a curious way of deciding between two disputants. An equal-sized lump of salt is given to each, and he whose piece dissolves first in a bowl of water is decided to be in the wrong. Another way is to put two live shell-fish on a plate—one for each litigant—and squeeze lemon-juice over them. The verdict is given according to which man's fish stirs first.

A Human Snake.

The doctors in Indianapolis are much puzzled over a case of a man who sheds his skin once a year. He has had the habit since he was an infant, and each year he has shed his skin and lost the nails of his fingers and toes. There is no pain in connection with it, but his temperature rises to about 104deg. The operation takes three weeks. The new skin is tender for a while, but very soon gains its normal hardness.

An Ambassadors.

An ambassadors is regarded as almost as important a person as an ambassador. She is in no sense relegated to so humble a position as that of a Queen-Consort! Not only is she addressed as "Your Excellency," but any insult offered to her is as much an affront and even a cause for war as would be one offered to her husband. An ambassadors has the right to sit in the presence of the Sovereign of the country to which her better half is accredited; moreover, she may run into debt as much as she likes.

For Wedding Purposes.

A Bengali gentleman of means very much wanted his daughter's wedding to be something of a military pageant. Being a man of business, he wrote this letter to the general commanding the station: "Sir,—I beg most respectfully to draw your kind attention, that if you would let me know at your earliest convenience the rate of charge for the following, for wedding purposes: Three dozen English cavalry; one military band; three dozen Native (Sikh) cavalry; one military band (Sikh); three dozen English infantry."

Temple Pigeon-Stalking.

About a hundred of the Temple pigeons were intensely amused recently by the efforts of a kitten to catch one of their number in the King's Bench Walk. The birds were in a circle round puss, who flattened herself along the ground and stealthily crept towards them. They gauged the length of her spring to a nicety, and kept just out of reach in a tantalising fashion. The kitten persevered for quite an hour, and there was a large, interested audience of humans and pigeons, but the kitten tired of the game before the birds.

Wanted to be in Time.

President Roosevelt has been telling a friend about his mail, which averages five or six hundred letters a day. "One of the most remarkable letters I ever received," he is reported to have said, "arrived on the morning the first full accounts of the Martinique disaster were printed in the newspapers. The writer said he saw that the American Consul at Martinique had been burnt to death. He applied for the place, and wound up with this sentence: 'I make this early application so as to get in ahead of those loathsome creatures the office-seekers.'"

Native Gods as Church Bells.

A missionary in Travancore, India, saw one morning a native coming to his house with a heavy burden. On reaching it he laid on the ground a sack. Unfastening it, he emptied it of its contents—a number of idols. "What have you brought these here for?" asked the missionary. "I don't want them." "You have taught us that we do not want them, sir," said the native; "but we think they might be put to some good use. Could they not be melted down and formed into a bell to call us to church?" The hint was taken; they were sent to a bell-founder and made into a bell, which now summons the native converts to praise and prayer.

First Prize, the Editor.

The editor of a weekly newspaper in Australia offers himself as a prize to the woman who writes the best essay on the duties of a wife.

Haven't Seen Horses.

Quartermaster J. F. Rice, of the United States Army, states that he has found Indians in Alaska entirely ignorant of the existence of horses.

Dignity and Impudence.

During a conference on juvenile smokers, the Provost of Girvan, Ayrshire, said he had been amazed by an urchin bailing him with the request, "Hey, provost, gie's a light."

Match-Box Warnings.

The Argentine Health Department has experimentally arranged to have comprehensive instructions printed on the labels of over eight million match-boxes explaining how the spread of tuberculosis might be prevented.

Infant Burglars' Haul.

Three small schoolboy burglars who broke into a shop at Paisley took away the following varied collection:—Cash, 2s. fifty-six cakes of chocolate, thirty-six oranges, fourteen pounds of apples, three pounds of grapes, two pounds of dates, and two pounds of figs.

Prefers Sleep to Meals.

Arthur Barron, a New York youth, devotes practically the whole of his time to sleep. Because his mother endeavoured to arouse him for a meal he knocked her down. When charged at the police court with the offence he yawned violently, and fell into a deep slumber in the dock.

Penny-in-the-Slot Doctors.

A number of highly original automatic machines, made to resemble an old doctor with a big wig, have been set up in several Dutch towns. By placing a penny in the slot various remedies for common ailments may be obtained, and cold in the head, stomach ache, sore throat, and headache, may all be cured—theoretically, at all events.

Red Silkworms, Red Silk.

Two French chemists are undertaking experiments with a view to producing naturally-coloured silk by painting the leaves on which the silkworms are fed with neutral amidotoluene red, methylene blue, and an acid. The silkworms' bodies gradually assume the same tints, and finally they spin red or blue silk, according to their food.

Chairs That Grow.

A gardener in Korea has formed a natural armchair by twisting a growing vine to the required shape. It is also studded with seeds of the ginkgo tree, which have grown into the fibre of the vine. After the chair was fashioned in this way it was cut from the ground, dried, and polished until it resembled mahogany. It is three feet four inches high, twenty-five inches wide, and weighs over 100 pounds.

When to Expect Rain.

When a cat sneezes it means rain. Distant sounds, such as bells and railway whistles, are unusually distinct just before rain; and window blind cords become taut, and salt and black currant lozenges moist. Rain may also be expected when dogs grow restless and drowsy; asses hang down their ears and rub themselves against walls; sheep become frisky and bleat terribly at night; the pigs are disturbed and run about; and cocks crow early and flap their wings excessively.

Dangers of Confetti.

Dr. Foveau, of Courmelles, has made a communication to the French Society of Hygiene which may have the effect of cooling Parisians' enthusiasm for confetti. The doctor states that a young girl who had taken an active part in the Shrove Tuesday festivities was afterwards attacked by face eruption, which is believed to have been caused by the aniline colouring substances used in making the confetti, a quantity of which she had swallowed, thus introducing the poison into her system.

Whisky by the Shovel.

The gutters of the Vauxhall Station yard at Yarmouth were flowing with fine old Glenlivet whisky recently, the sudden starting of a van in which two 110-gallon casks were being loaded throwing them to the ground and shattering one of them into staves and hoops. A gang of men from the coal yards adjoining took in the situation in an instant, and, having no other utensils handy, promptly shovelled up the liquor with their broad blades, and by a smart acrobatic manoeuvre transferred it down their throats.

Rats' Teeth are Always Growing.

Certain animals have teeth which grow all their lives. The rat and the squirrel are examples of this. Our own teeth are developed from pulps, which are absorbed and disappear after the teeth are grown; but in a rat's tooth the pulp is perpetual, and is continually secreting material by which it gains length. Therefore the animal is obliged to gnaw all the time to keep the tooth ground down to the proper length. It is commonly imagined that rats keep gnawing out of pure mischief, but such is indeed not the case.

\$1,400 For Loss of Feeling.

David Burns, of Mineola, Long Island, has brought an action against an American railway for destroying his feelings. "Prove it," said the Court. David Burns struck a match, spread out the back of his hand, and laid the match upon it. The flame licked up a few hairs, swirled redly about over the flesh, and then, with a little swirl of grey smoke, went out. "One thousand four hundred pounds," said the Court, mopping an agitated brow, and Burns, having no finer feelings, took it without a blush.

Kipling Cornered.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's fondness for asking questions has led him occasionally into tight places. He once strolled into a bookseller's shop and commenced to turn over some volumes, conversing as he did so. "Is this good?" he asked, taking up George Moore's "Celestines." "I don't know; I have not read it," replied the shopkeeper. Kipling frowned. "A bookseller," he said, "and you don't read your own books?" To which the other answered tartly, "If I were a druggist would you expect me to take my own drugs?"

PARS ABOUT THE SULTAN.

Who He Is, How He Is and Why He Is

He is afraid of the dark.
He is of a consumptive tendency,
He is an inveterate cigarette smoker.
He has four brothers and three sisters.
He was born on September 22nd, 1842.
He is exceedingly ambitious and loves power.
His foster brother reads him to sleep at night.
He drinks coffee at short intervals all day long.
He has a deep-seated fear of death, and dreads illness.
He has been on the throne of Turkey for twenty-five years.
He is a good carpenter and takes pride in displaying his skill.
He is superstitious and believes in fortune-tellers and magicians.
He amuses himself with clock making, and at times paints pictures.
He has acquired mastery over his passion and leads a well-ordered daily life.
He distrusts every one of the persons with whom he comes in daily contact.
He is simple in his dress, and shows a marked preference for dark colours.
He is an early riser, getting up winter and summer at five o'clock in the morning.
He is avaricious, and all his financial accounts are itemised to the last halfpenny.
He has five recognised sons, with the eldest of whom, Prince Selim, he is on bad terms.
His meals are prepared in a little kitchen barred like a cell, and closed by an iron door.
He loves the drama and attends frequent performances at the private theatre in the palace.
He always carries a revolver with him, and is in constant fear of an assassin's attack.
He believes firmly in the microbe theory of disease and takes every precaution to avoid contagion.
He has the keenest dislike for all State ceremonies, and avoids them so far as his position will admit.
He is very careful about his person, and bathes daily, and washes his face and hands at frequent intervals.
He employs a "jester," and sometimes indulges in the most ridiculous horseplay at the fool's instigation.
He has a smattering of medical science, and whenever he feels indisposed he writes out his own prescriptions.
He seldom goes outside the limits of his own palace, and his exercise consists of short walks in the royal park.
He is a crack shot with a pistol, and has been seen to write his name on a wall twenty-five paces away with bullets.
He is something of a musician, playing the piano with a moderate degree of talent. Popular airs are his favourites.
He requires that all State documents and papers intended for his perusal shall first pass through a careful process of disinfection.
His courtesy towards visitors of quality is always marked. He listens to the conversation with the closest attention and politeness.
He is fond of "penny-dreadful" literature, and has all the latest trash of the book world translated for his benefit and read aloud to him.
He has issued standing orders that the palace be lighted brilliantly all night long, and his orchestra plays every evening until a very late hour.
He has an excellent knowledge of chemistry, which he acquired in order to be able to make tests of food and drink in which he may suspect poison.
He never rides in a closed carriage, for fear that he may not be able to jump out quickly enough in case of accident. His favourite vehicle is an open victoria.
He is a hard worker, and keeps a corps of secretaries busy all day writing out his orders to his Ministers of State and subordinate officials in all parts of Europe.
He eats alone and surrounds himself with cats and dogs, to which he occasionally throws pieces of the food before him in order to assure himself that it is not poisoned.
He is exceedingly nervous, and at times, when a State crisis is impending, he has been known to remain awake forty-eight hours at a stretch plotting and planning to meet the situation.
He makes it a point to invite foreign actors and singers to appear before him, and often shows great liberality towards them after a performance, giving them rich jewellery and diamonds.



The Experiences of a Hire-Purchase Firm's Detective.

Telling of the Dodge Couples Try to Steal Furniture.

And the Method the Detective Uses to Run them to Earth.

A "COUPLE-CATCHER" it may be as well to explain at the outset, is a private detective employed by a hire-purchase firm to track down absconding defaulters.

Young Mr. and Mrs. Noolywed, having married in haste, furnish Dove Villa on credit, and very soon thereafter find it inconvenient to keep up the instalments.

They therefore "do a flit," taking the furniture with them, leaving, of course, no address behind them, and covering up their tracks as well as they are able.

Then it is that I come in.

My first move is to go direct to the particular neighbourhood—Streatham, Fulham, Hornsey, or wherever it may be—erastwhile honoured by their presence, and make inquiries.

Experience has taught me that it is very little use going to the landlord. He wants his rent. You want your money, or, alternatively, your goods back. Your interests and his, therefore, clash; and you will almost certainly find him indisposed to give you any information, even

supposing he has any.

For a very similar reason the ordinary local tradesmen are apt to be equally uncommunicative. Their own "little accounts" are almost certain to have been left unpaid. They are consequently "on the trail" themselves. And they very rightly opine that the fewer the number of duns who succeed in running the fugitives to earth, the better for them individually and collectively.

How, then, you not unnaturally ask, is it possible to obtain the information necessary to trace a single pair of people from among the five or six millions that make up the population of the huge brick-and-mortar warren we call London?

Well, there are several ways. One of the best is to search out the woman who is Mrs. Noolywed's enemy.

Every woman who moves into a new neighbourhood makes at least one enemy among the neighbours of her own sex ere she has been there many days. She may not herself be aware of the fact.

But so it is.

So I knock at this door and at that along the terrace, or up and down the street, making polite inquiries, until I happen across a woman who says with a sniff:

"The Noolyweds! No, I didn't know much about them, and didn't want to. Nasty, stuck-up thing she was! Used to flaunt her thirty-five shilling picture hat as if she was a duchess born and bred. Gone, have they? Left no address? Humph! Well, I'm not surprised."

When I hear this sort of talk—and oh, how often I do hear it—I know that the talker will help me if she can.

I agree of course with everything she says, and ply her with questions in between, and presently it comes out that she remembers seeing Messrs. Movem's pantechnicon in the road on the morning of the day when the Noolyweds were

supposed to have vanished.

This is enough. I ascertain Messrs. Movem's address at the nearest public-house, and incidentally obtain confirmation of my information from the potman—at an expenditure of half-a-crown. I also try to get him to enlighten me as to the identity of the men on the job. But his recollection is of the vaguest. Eventually, however, it flashes across him that the foreman, "or at all events it was 'e as paid fer the beer at lunch time," had red hair.

I swallow my refreshment hastily, make my way to Messrs. Movem's place of business and inquire casually of the doorkeeper if "Ginger" is within.

"No, 'e ain't. Cos why? 'E's on a movin' job dahn Peckham way."

I groan. Peckham is the other side of London.

"When will he be back?" I ask.

"Dunno. Not before late. But"—more briskly—"I can give you the address of the 'ouse where 'e is—fer the price of 'arf a gallon."

I hand him over the eightpence, note down the

name of the street and number of the house in my pocket-book, and away again. I must find "Ginger" if I am to get the Noolyweds' new address. No use applying to Movem's direct. No firm that makes a business of furniture removing will give away a client's private business. It gets known if they do, and orders fail to come in. The local post-office people, too, if they know, will never tell. All this experience has taught me years ago.

It is nearly four o'clock ere I reach Peckham, and the house where "Ginger" and his mates are busy. The foreman recognises me, although I cannot recall having seen him before.

"Hulloa!" he exclaims cheerily; "you're Messrs. Deal and Glue's private inquiry agent, ain't you? Well, 'oo 'r' y' after now?"

I tell him; and, by the way his face brightens, I know he knows what I want to know.

"Wot's it worth?" he asks, drawing me round the corner, out of sight of the other men.

"Oh," I reply tentatively, "suppose we say five bob?"

"Five nothin'," he returns contemptuously. "I'm riskin' losin' me job. Movem's 'd sack me termorrer if they found out."

"If?" I retort. "But there isn't any 'if' in this case. Look here, I'll make it ten."

"A quid—can't do it less."

Eventually we split the difference. I hand him over fifteen shillings, and in return he jots down a few words on a slip of dirty paper, presses it into my hand, and is hurrying off to resume his interrupted business.

A supplementary question flung after him by me, however, brings him to a momentary halt.

"Had the Noolyweds a piano?"

"No," he replies after a moment's consideration, "they hadn't."

I chuckle a little to myself at this, and peer at the address he has given me. Then I cease chuckling and swear softly. It is a street in Finchley, not much more than a mile from where I had been that morning.

Back again! Oh, that long, weary return journey across London. It is dark by the time I reach my destination—and raining. Nevertheless, I feel a glow of satisfaction. I have

run my quarry to earth at last.

Through the half-drawn blind I catch sight of husband and wife at the dinner-table, she laughing heartily at something he is saying.

"Laugh away, my beauties!" I exclaim half aloud. "You won't laugh long."

Rat-a-tat-tat!

A trim maid-servant answers the door, after a scurrying inside and much hurried whispering.

"I wish to see Mr. Noolywed."

"Mr. Noolywed doesn't live here," replies the girl promptly—too promptly, in fact.

"Oh, yes, he does," I answer swiftly, and get my foot inside the door—foot incased in heavy, thick-soled boot, such as we always wear when on duty.

A lurch forward of the shoulder, and I am in the hall. The master of the house, not over-pleased evidently, comes out, attracted by the noise. His face is white, and he fidgets uneasily and unconsciously with a serviette; but he tries to brazen it out.

"What's the meaning of this unwarrantable intrusion, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Never mind my name," I retort brusquely.

"I'm Messrs. Deal and Glue's representative, and the question is, what are you going to do about our furniture you have stolen?"

"Stolen!" He gave a great gulp, as though the word burnt his throat. His wife was

crying in the background.

"Aye, stolen. You know it's no more your furniture until the final instalment is paid than it is the man in the street's. You know you've no right to remove it. And besides—where's the piano?"

He turned ghastly. "I see you know," he said. "Yes," I replied; "I know. You've sold it to pay some of the more pressing of your outstanding liabilities. The question is, what are you going to do about it?"

"Do about it?" he echoed sharply. "Why, pay up, of course—now you've found me. Be at my office at ten sharp to-morrow morning"—and he handed me his business card.

I was too much taken aback to say another word. But I was there punctually to the minute next day, and he handed me over the amount in Bank of England notes.

How he raised it I hadn't the remotest idea at the time; but I know now. He forged his principal's name.

Three months later he was found out, arrested, tried, and convicted.

His wife died of a broken heart while he was in prison.

And Noolywed? Well, to tell you the truth, he's in business as a couple-catcher himself now.

OUR FRIEND—THE MICROBE.

By the Mighty Atom.

We are so very, very small—a regiment of 30,000 of our guards (the biggest of us) put back to back would barely cover an inch; yet upon our shoulders are thrust the grumbles of the world. We are regarded as the greatest enemy to Man when we are indeed his greatest friend. If some foolish-minded person were to invent something with the evil intention of sending us to another world, within a week humanity would regret it. Where scientific men now seek to kill us, then would be offered millions for our regeneration.

First of all, I suppose you didn't know we are landscape painters. Not the landscapes you see in the Royal Academy or the National Gallery. They are only imitations. We paint the real thing.

When you go for your holiday in the summer and admire the shades of green that make the earth so beautiful, the golden, the russet, the red-tinted leaves, the fields of yellow waving corn, the picture that fills you with delight—you are praising our handiwork. The sweet-smelling honeysuckle, the rich red rose, the beautiful posy you select with so much care, with so many sighs, and present to your dearest with so much anxiety—you owe to us. Your gaily prancing steed, your grazing oxen, your lowing sheep—all things, plant and animal, that take their nourishment from the earth, are born, sustained, and live through us.

How is it done?

Simply enough. All plants require nitrogen and carbon; it is their food. They suck it up from the earth. By a long and tedious process called putrefaction we change all dead things into this plant food. Eliminate us, if you could, and the food supply would very soon stop.

Now plant food is like the widow's cruse of oil, never failing; but the earth's store of nitrogen is limited. With every successive occupation by living things of the earth's surface the nitrogen and carbon would run out, the soil would become barren, and all plants would die. That being so, your herbivorous animals—horses, oxen, sheep, pigs, and others—would consequently cease to exist, for they would have no food.

Did you ever drink our health? Well, you ought to. Your sparkling wines and bubbling ales, the national drinks in every clime, whence do they spring but from us? We are the brewer, the factotum that causes fermentation of saccharine fluids and juices. Put an infusion of us into malt or grape juice, and leave us to do our work in our own good time, and beer or wine is the result. Don't forget that next time you taste the efforts of our handiwork.

The atmosphere is only a fringe to the earth, but it gathers the heat of the sun's rays, and retains and modifies it; thus you feel warmth. Now, what I am going to say is this: If you only had half the atmosphere, by getting rid of us, you would be badly off for your vital necessities.

Indeed, your learned Professor Tyndall once committed a serious outrage upon the members of our family. He took a platinum tube and burnt out all the living organisms—us—and then thought he had smoke, but it wasn't. It was stellar space—a darkness blacker than the blackest smoke. Now, don't you feel grateful to us?

If you don't, wait half a moment and I'll tell you of some other benefits. It is one of the remarkable things of your remarkable world that the weak must die so that the strong may live. There is no doubt that it is a wise ruling. Without us and our abilities in putrefaction, in a few years you would be a world of dead. Your seas and rivers would be full of bodies. They would fill your streets; you would build your houses and pave your streets with them. They would be ever increasing, ever unchanging. Cremation would be your only salvation. Then think of your great population. If we did not benefit humanity by claiming the weak you would be overrun. In half a dozen years there would be no room for a quarter of you.

We are the greatest masters. We put millions into employment. Think of the doctors (your great country alone has over 30,000), nurses, chemists, druggists, surgical appliance makers, attendants, and others; the millions circulated annually for hospitals, charities, and convalescent homes. Then there's beer. How many millions of pounds are there invested in beer, by peer, bishop, and gentleman? How many millions find employment when we choose to be brewers—in vine and hop-growing, in brewing, in bottling, in carting, in selling? How many gain pleasure in imbibing the products of our labour?

We are the most overworked beings in the world, and it is not our fault. Whether or no we like it, we must go on increasing; it is the dispensation of Nature, and we die of starvation by millions every minute. We are everywhere, of course; but in a sound, healthy body we can do little harm; thus we serve a good purpose by arousing people to take proper care of themselves. It is our lot to do evil so that good may follow.

FOURTH ARTICLE.



Mr. P.
Doubleyou
Emigrates
for the
Benefit of
Our Readers.

I BELIEVE the sea would be very much more popular if big liners were a little less luxurious. In the saloon section of the ship you might fancy yourself in a London hotel. You sleep, take meals, walk, read, write, and go through the entire routine of a day on land, but everything that you do is subject to the veto of that tyrant, the Ocean. So that, instead of realising to the full the luxury of a liner, all that you feel is that you are leading an ordinary peaceful life, which is being interfered with in the rudest possible way by that useless, obsolete, overdone monstrosity.

These thoughts occurred to me as I spent that one day in the saloon as per editorial instructions. In the steerage, I cared not a rap for Neptune. I was, I knew, roughing it, and expected nothing at all in the way of comfort. But as a saloon passenger for one day, I simply felt that I was leading my ordinary life, which was being interfered with by

a force opposed to civilised ideas.

To begin at the beginning. I had to get up in the morning, bath, shave and dress—a most prosaic process, which in the steerage I had merely dabbled with. There I did not get up. I was simply jerked violently over the rail on to the floor, from which position I staggered to breakfast, a few steps away. I certainly did not shave. It was not good form. Most of us grow beards. There was only one exception, and we thought him a pretentious prig. He was scraping his chin with a potato peeler he had borrowed from the kitchen. Airs and graces of that kind did not impress us at all. As to bathing in the steerage—well, you know, people don't.

But it is different in the saloon. There you do get up, and have to dress to the last detail, or your fellow passengers will complain. I had to use tact in shaving. You must make your strokes according to the motion of the boat. Wait until she has got her shaking fit over and is fairly calm. Then grip the rail of your bed with one hand, stand with your legs apart, firm on the ground, and give a long sweeping stroke. That done, pick up your shaving brush and soap, which will have been violently shaken off the dressing table, place the broken pieces of the late water jug where you will not tread on them, and repeat the process as before. After half an hour of this, your face, save for a slight resemblance to that of a German student duellist,

may pass you in to breakfast.

Breakfast will alarm you in its proportions. Being still "under the weather," as they say when you are in the stages of sea-sickness, you will not be at all thrilled at the menu card, which indicates that you can have three distinct oatmeal foods, five kinds of fish, steaks, chops, eggs and bacon, cold fowl, savouries, preserves and fruit, right off at one go if so inclined. How pathetic it was to read that menu card at such a time!

After breakfast, it is usual to go to the smoking room. I shunned it like a plague spot that morning. All I wanted was peace and quiet. So, hiring a deck chair for the day, I chose a dry square yard of deck and prepared to read a history of the mercantile marine. I thought it an admirable chance to improve my knowledge on that subject. I read half a page, and the book automatically dropped. Never before had I felt less interest in the mercantile marine. Then a steward came up.

"Shall I get your rug, sir?"

As a matter of fact I had not got a rug. They were not "good form" in the steerage. But the steward seemed to refer to it with such a ring of conviction that I took it for granted that I had one, and gave him a sea-sickly nod of assent. In a few moments he returned with a gorgeous-looking covering.

"Here it is, sir. Shall I put it round you?"

I regret to say that my moral sense had considerably slackened on this voyage. Instead of telling him it wasn't my rug, but somebody else's, I accepted it unquestioning. Later on, an elderly gentleman with spectacles walked up, took one long, lingering glance at the rug, muttered something about somebody or other having a certain kind of cheek. The adjective has slipped my memory. But I felt absolutely no interest in the old gentleman's troubles. I was quite comfortable with his rug.

When you're tired of sitting on deck, you wonder if you will go and smoke. Those matters are not decided as on land by your brain, but by your stomach. Will it permit of a smoke, or will it not? Upon its pronouncement you depend.

Lunch is on the same lines as breakfast, only twice as extensive. One has to be careful what one says to one's fellow-passengers, by the way. At lunch somebody started comparing great liners. We had just learnt of the rate of progress steamed during the last day—the chief topic of daily conversation—and somebody said:

"Why, the old *Great Eastern* could have beaten that, I believe!"

A pleasant gentleman with white hair, on hearing this, smiled deprecatingly, and doubted the statement. The first man then said:

"I suppose, then, sir, you travelled on that boat?"

"Yes, sir," was the gentle reply, "many times. I owned her."

And, though I may not mention names, the gentleman in question was one of the greatest shipowners in the country, and the *Great Eastern* was at one time his property. Collapse of Conversationalist No. 1.

Later on, I put my foot into it in the same way. Somebody was agitating in the smoking room for passengers to take part in a proposed concert. A quiet gentleman on my right, who was reading, was approached to give a recitation.

With a pleasant smile he said:

"With pleasure, if you've any of my works on board."

The agitator grinned back, and made a note of the remark, then asked me to take part in the concert. Thinking the previous man had made a good joke which lent itself to variation, I said:

"I'll play the piano, if you've any of my compositions aboard." I thought that would amuse the first gentleman, but he appeared engrossed in his book.

Later on I gave a casual glance at the Passengers' List. Halfway down I saw the name of one of the leading novelists of our generation. It was the quiet man who sat on my right! I was very reserved in my humorous experiments after that. It's a wise man that knows his fellow-passenger.

One of the complaints peculiar to ocean travel is acute hatred of your fellow creatures. At first sight, you feel rather friendly towards them. After a while, they get horribly on your nerves. You look at the quiet man in eye-glasses, and put him down as a conceited ass. You take a violent dislike to another fellow simply because he wears a blue shirt. Another man you simply loathe because he walks on deck with his hands in his pockets. The creature who smokes cigars morning, noon and night you consign to ten thousand infernos. The young married couple who sit about on deck you call a couple of lovesick young fools. If there is a German, Frenchman, or Spaniard on board who talks in his native tongue, you execrate the nation which produced him in a way which might lead to

international complications if overheard.

Then you suddenly get into conversation with each and all of these men, and it dawns on you that really they're not "half bad sorts." The man with glasses turns out to be a wit, the blue-shirted man to be quite agreeable, and—you smoke the cigars of the creature you used to consign to the Inferno, and find they're an excellent brand.

But you discover those things when the sea gets calmer. A few more hours of this sort of luxury, and the time has come for me to return to my emigrants. As I give one look down at them from the promenade deck, I see they are beginning to wake up. A dance is going on down below. A dozen couples are waiting to the strains of a concertina, surrounded by an admiring crowd. The women have suddenly emerged from their berths for the first time this voyage, and are actually smiling at one through watery eyes.

The bar is crowded with merry makers. A game of football is in progress elsewhere. For we have got through the worst of the voyage, and in forty-eight hours shall sight Rock Island, the first speck of land in the New World. I begin to feel horribly like Columbus. To-morrow, I'm told, we pass the Gulf Stream, which is actually visible to the eye through the masses of seaweed carried from Mexico in the rush. Then we get near the Banks of Newfoundland, where in Spring one encounters icebergs. And after that Sandy Hook, and—New York! It is time for me to get out my American vocabulary, and learn to "guess and calculate."

(Next week Mr. P. Doubleyou becomes an outcast alien.)

FOND MOTHER (to very busy brother-in-law): "You might look after Freddy while I'm out. See that he doesn't play with the coals or get into mischief, and if he cries give him a piece of chocolate—there's some in the dining room; and if that doesn't stop him, run him round the room on your back—he loves it. But on no account let him be a nuisance to you!"

WIFE (standing with her husband before shop window): "Here are so many things that would give pleasure to your wife, and that you might purchase for her; but, no matter how many beautiful things there are, you seem quite indifferent, as though you saw nothing."

Husband: "A sure proof of my affection for you, for love is blind."

WHEN KINGS VISIT PARIS.

Potentates whom the Parisians have Liked and Disliked.

Just on twenty years ago King Alfonso XII. of Spain went from Berlin to Paris.

All the city was on tip-toe of expectation. Flowers strewed the streets, bunting flaunted and fluttered aloft; guards of honour were everywhere; bands crashed welcomes, and bugles blared.

Everything promised a magnificent reception. But, unfortunately, just prior to his entry, there came a flashing over the wires the news that he had been made, by the Emperor William, a colonel of Uhlans.

It was a little thing; but it was enough. The Parisians, forgetful of the duties of hospitality, of international amity, of everything in fact but their blind hatred of all things German, met Alfonso's smiles with rovilings and hisses.

But for the troops the King would undoubtedly have been mobbed, perhaps murdered. As it was, the affair was sufficiently alarming, and for a few weeks the question of peace or war trembled in the balance.

In 1866, when the second great international exhibition was held on the Champ de Mars, nineteen crowned heads were assembled there at one time. They included, among other lesser potentates, the kings of Greece, Belgium, Prussia, and Sweden, the Czar of Russia, the Khedive of Egypt, the Sultan of Turkey, and the Emperor of Austria.

The scene at their reception was one of unexampled splendour. Ten million of francs were spent by the municipality in entertaining them. Unfortunately, however, the complete success of the gathering was marred by the attempted assassination of the Czar by one Berezowski, a Polish refugee.

Prior to this—in the summer of 1855—another big exhibition had been held, and had been visited by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. It was a noteworthy event, if only because no English sovereign had set foot in Paris for more than four centuries previously. Napoleon, too, conscious of the insecurity of his position of the throne, and well aware of the importance to him of the recognition implied by the visit, did his very best for his royal guests. Balls of surpassing splendour were given both in Paris and at Versailles, and there was also a grand review, when the Queen regretted that she had not been on horseback, though the day was wet.

With the Queen and the Prince Consort was the Prince of Wales, now, of course, King Edward VII. The little lad, as he then was, was hugely delighted with the gaiety and splendour of the French capital, and when the time came to go he tried to persuade the Empress Eugénie to retain him and his sister "Just a little while longer."

"But that would never do," objected the Empress, "your mother could not spare you."

"Oh, yes, she could," promptly replied the Prince, "she has got six more at home."

In the summer of 1889 so many foreign sovereigns were gathered together in Paris that a special building, known as the "Hotel of the Emperors," was set apart for them. Externally this unique "hotel" was not especially pretentious; but internally it was a dream of splendour and of beauty, the furnishing alone costing over £180,000, while £80,000 more of the city's money went in decorating it and in service.

To it there came the Shah of Persia, in honour of whom splendid fêtes were organised, followed by European kings, princes, grand dukes, and Annamite, Tunisian, Moorish, and Egyptian potentates galore.

Paris got something substantial, however, in return for her expenditure in this connection. The Shah alone spent £100,000 in three days' shopping; a record which, though, was easily beaten later on by the Czar, during his memorable visit to the city in the autumn of 1896.

This latter was perhaps the most gorgeous as well as the most hilarious of all similar functions. The Franco-Russian Alliance was as new wine to the Parisians then, and they hastened to make themselves drunk with it. For three days and nights (October 5th, 6th, and 7th—the city neither rested nor tired).

The hours of daylight, with open-air balls on every boulevard, and farandoles and orchestras at all the street corners. The Rue de la Paix was decorated with ropes and sails, stretched across the street like the rigging of a vast vessel, in honour of the Russian sailors.

Nothing was to be seen anywhere save flags, scarves, cockades and badges, the colours of the two friendly nations. When all was over twenty tons of confetti were swept up and carted away from a single main thoroughfare.

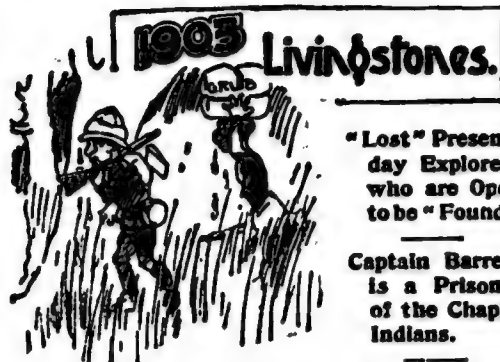
What a contrast this to the visit of King David Kalakaua, Sovereign of the Sandwich Islands, in 1881. He arrived one morning unexpectedly with a Gladstone bag and £250 in gold, and the city was so immensely amused and tickled that it treated him to all sorts of mock royal honours, which he mistook for real, and sent him on his way rejoicing.

Another contrast also, but a pathetic one, was afforded by the visit, a year or two back, of the unhappy Ranavalona, ex-queen of Madagascar.

The president caused her expenses to be paid at a second-rate hotel, and the Parisians subscribed and bought her a new dress.

But it is doubtful if even these little courtesies, kindly-intended though they doubtless were, quite atoned to her for the loss of her queenhood.

"There was a young man of Typhoo, Who wanted to catch the 2.2." Thus begins one of a grand collection of "Limericks," published in the May PEARSON'S. How does it go on?



"Lost" Present-day Explorers who are Open to be "Found."

Captain Barreta is a Prisoner of the Chapiri Indians.

And M. Bonavalli is somewhere between South Morocco and Timbuctoo.

Any up-to-date seeker after lost explorers anxious to emulate Stanley's famous achievement of thirty years ago cannot do better than fit out an expedition to try to find Captain Barreta.

This eminent traveller and savant left Buenos Ayres several years ago to explore the great forest region of Paraguay. For the first eight or nine months he managed to keep in fairly regular touch, by means of native runners, with the civilisation he had left behind him. Then suddenly his messages ceased, and he and his companions mysteriously disappeared.

And from that day until quite recently all attempts to ascertain his whereabouts or establish communications with him have failed; and this notwithstanding that several relief expeditions have been organised.

Most of these, however, have, it must be confessed, met with rank bad luck. One lost the whole of its stores in the rapids of the Aguaray river, the chief of another, Signor Boggiani, was murdered, while yet a third suffered so severely from fever that seventy-five of its members

died in less than a month.

But now at last Signor Paeso, the leader of the most recent search party, has sent a thrill of excitement through Argentina by returning with the news that natives report Barreta's presence among the Chapiri Indians. The explorer was, they assert, taken prisoner within a few weeks of his disappearance, and has been kept captive ever since in spite of several attempts to escape.

There is fame, and fortune, too, awaiting the man lucky enough to rescue and bring back to civilisation the three lost members of the Duke of the Abruzzi's Polar expedition.

The missing explorers, it will be remembered, accompanied the Duke's lieutenant, Captain Cagni, in the famous sledge journey, which, starting in the spring of 1900, succeeded in reaching latitude 84°33' N., or twenty miles farther north than Nansen's farthest.

On the way back they lost touch with the rest of the party, and wandered away into the unknown. Nevertheless it is hoped and

believed they are still alive.

Captain Stakken, it is true, failed to discover any trace of them in 1901. But then, argue the experts, he was admittedly unable to systematically explore the northern and north-western coasts of Franz Josef's land; and it is there, if anywhere, that the missing men will ultimately be found to have taken refuge.

André and his companions, too, may conceivably be somewhere within the Arctic circle awaiting deliverance. True, the time specified by him during which his friends might hope for his safe return has long since elapsed. But the Polar regions are of vast extent; and it is by no means impossible that the explorers may not be at this moment imprisoned upon some uncharted and ice-girdled island, or living, unable to get away, in one or the other of the many isolated Eskimo settlements known to exist along the eastern coast of Greenland.

Deep within the forest-clad and rain-soaked interior of New Guinea, Karl Peterson and three companions await release from a captivity so rigorous and so cruel that the mind instinctively shrinks from

picturing the full horror of it.

It was in the autumn of 1901 that this little expedition landed at Humboldt Bay, on the north coast, and immediately struck almost due south into the unexplored country lying between the 140th parallel of longitude and the dividing line which separates the British and German possessions from those of the Dutch. Three months later it was ambushed by a band of Papuans, the native carriers were killed or driven off, and the three Europeans were taken prisoners.

Since then three letters have been received by their friends. The captives report that the place where they are is situated about one hundred miles due west of Mount Donaldson, and almost in the very centre of the island. The savages make them work hard from dawn till dusk; they are given very

little food, and are subjected almost daily to every form of indignity, insult, and outrage.

Two hundred miles north-west of Kabul lies the mysterious country of Kafiristan, and somewhere within its borders, dead or alive, the Russian explorer Svortalsky is interned.

Prior to Sir George Robertson's expedition thither in 1891, its frowning precipices and terrific gorges had never been trodden by a European foot. Indeed, so rigorously and so jealously has it been guarded, during more than four hundred years past, by the pagan mountaineers who inhabit it, that the very name "Kafiristan" has become synonymous with "inaccessibility" and "isolation," so that Sir Henry Yule was wont to declare that it would be the very last part of the world which should remain unknown.

Sir George, nevertheless, penetrated to its inmost core, and returned to tell the tale. M. Svortalsky, essaying to repeat his exploit, fell a victim to the treachery of a native guide, although whether he was actually killed or merely taken prisoner is still in doubt.

In Africa, again, lost amid the frightful deserts of the Igidi region, between the southern frontier of Morocco and the city of Timbuctoo, is M. Bonavalli, and as many of his fifteen companions as may be left alive.

The fate of this young man is a particularly hard one. Rich, brave, and adventurous, he set out from the Tissent Oasis nearly three years ago, intending to reach Timbuctoo by a new route.

He had absolutely no ulterior motive, political or otherwise, and, although his party was well armed and equipped, he was most patient and liberal with the natives

through whose territories he had to pass.

When about one-third of his journey had been completed, however, the expedition was surprised at night by an overwhelming force of nomad tribesmen. The camel drivers and servants were spared, and the caravan looted; but it is believed that the lives of the white men were spared. At all events, two messages, brief, but apparently authentic, have since been received from the leader, one of them dated so recently as June of last year.

And this is, of course, but one of several other similar mystery-tragedies which have occurred recently in this same quarter of the globe. Africa exacts stern tribute of those who would pry into the few secret places still left to her.

Not even Africa, however, can vie with Australia in this respect, expedition after expedition having been repeatedly swallowed up and lost in the trackless, shadeless, waterless, and foodless wastes that occupy so much of the far interior.

One of the first to so suffer was that commanded by the intrepid Dr. Leichardt. Well found and splendidly equipped, it set out from Queensland in the autumn of 1847, with the avowed object of

crossing the continent from east to west.

News of its progress reached the settlements up to April 3rd of the following year; since when silence. Nor has the veil ever been lifted from the mystery surrounding their fate. Somewhere in the desert their bones lie; but where no man knows.

One thing is certain. They must all have perished miserably long since. The same sad sentence, too, it is to be feared, must be passed upon Buckle's party, which, in 1883, disappeared from human ken in South Australia, between the Musgrave Mountains and the sea.

But it is at least likely that, somewhere within the vast unexplored region lying between Sturt Creek and the section of the overland telegraph line adjacent to the Ashburton and Whittington ranges, traces of the Cartwright expedition may be found.

IT WASN'T A SEAL.

A NEAR-SIGHTED sportsman strolled into a little hotel on the shore of Loch Garron, and complainingly said:

"Just seen a seal! Shot at it three times, and missed it each time."

At dinner an hour later he sat next to a tourist, who had a bandage round his head. Said the sportsman:

"Had an accident?"

"Accident!" growled the other. "Attempted murder, you mean! I was having a bath about two hours ago, when some lunatic with a gun fired at me three times from the shore, and shot part of my ear off!"

WILLIS: "Did the doctor do anything to hasten your recovery?"

Wallace: "Oh, yes; he told me he was going to charge me half a guinea a visit."

SCRIBBELL: "Yes, it's a quaint old fishing village. I'm going down there for material for my new novel."

Crittick: "Well, I've always heard, of course, that fish is good brain food, but do you think it can actually make brains?"

How Race-Horse Owners are Pestered.

By Lord X.

I HAVE now been an owner of race-horses for nine years, but it was not until two years ago that I had a horse among the candidates for "the blue ribbon of the turf," which is the accepted term for describing the Epsom Derby. Previous to that occasion I enjoyed comparative freedom from the worrying and stupid attentions and intreaties of persons, mostly unknown to me, anxious to make a fortune by very easy means.

Exactly two months before the Derby of 1900 was run I received two extraordinary letters by the same post. The letters were not unlike each other in character; the writer of each one presented his compliments, and stated that he would be glad if I would kindly give him my reasons for any hopes that I might have of winning the great race.

Each writer told me that if I could put him in possession of solid grounds for believing that my animal would be the victor, he was prepared to put a large sum of money on one side for the purpose of backing him to win; and each writer added that, if agreeable to me, he would handsomely recompense me for the information.

Being unused to the receipt of such communications, I answered both of these letters, writing truthfully and clearly my reasons for hoping that my animal would be successful. At the time I wrote I was not, of course, acquainted with so many particulars respecting the other horses entered for the race as I was a few weeks later, when details as to the training and gallops of the candidates appeared in the sporting papers.

As the days before the race became fewer and fewer my letter-bag contained more and more letters similar to the two described, and in the majority of cases I simply disposed of them by putting them into my waste-paper basket. Some few of them, however, I took the trouble to answer, for I could not help feeling pleased that a section of the public was interested in my effort to capture the coveted prize.

The great day arrived and the race was won, but much to my disappointment my horse did not finish in the first three. That fact in itself was a sufficient grief to me, yet my regrets were considerably aggravated by the receipt of letters from all of those to whom I had imparted information concerning my horse.

Some of the writers were men in high positions, whose knowledge of the turf and racing in general should have saved them from a lamentable display of pique and irritation such as they affected to feel towards me. I had done nothing more than supply them with the particulars they asked for, and in doing so I imagined that I was doing them a service. Of course I understood that they would perhaps act on my information, but in not one single instance did they do so at my suggestion, since I myself am not a betting man.

In addition to the letters received from would-be fortune makers I received at least thirty letters from photographers and artists who expressed themselves as eager to supply me and my friends with photographs or drawings of my horse. Not only did I get letters from these gentlemen; eight of them were at the trouble to make a special journey to my business headquarters, in the hope of getting permission to produce a representation of my Derby candidate.

I had nineteen letters of remonstrance from individuals who declared that I was taking an active part in the degradation of my country in lending myself and my horses to racing. One of these letters came from a well-known clergyman who had in his early days held a living near to my father's home, and to him I sent an invitation to come and spend a few days with me. This he did, and I am pleased to say that before he had concluded his visit I had brought him to look with more tolerant eye upon the "sport of kings."

Every owner of race-horses receives almost daily at certain seasons of the year samples of patent horse food, horse clothing, treatises on stable management, and many other such things. The senders of these doubtless overlook the fact that the man who breeds and keeps horses is for ever on the look-out for articles that will add to their welfare and comfort; he no more needs the attentions of cranks than does the gentleman or lady who keeps white mice.

I will conclude by saying that I was once approached by a desperate character of a man while I was walking up and down the platform at King's Cross Station in the early months of the year 1900. This fellow handed me a card bearing his name and, in the bottom left-hand corner, the words: "European Horse Intelligencer." In a few sentences he explained to me that for adequate reward he was willing to act the spy on one or all of the stables sending horses to that year's Derby. Suffice it to say that I tore his card up before his eyes, and threatened him that if over I set eyes on his figure again I would hand him over to the police.

£5 A WEEK FOR LIFE!

(Which will NOT be divided.)

AND A FURTHER SUM OF

£1,000 CASH DOWN.

Example: HULL.



If any member of your family wants the pictures below, they will be found in to-day's **BIG BUDGET, 1D.**

The closing date of this Competition will be announced shortly.

Readers who have not yet started, but who decide to do so now, may secure all the back numbers of PEARSON'S WEEKLY containing the complete set of pictures up to date through any newsagent for 1s. 2d., or from this office post free for 1s. 8d.

READ EVERY LINE OF THIS.

Those who are still competing should not lose sight of the fact that the goal in front of them is the huge prize of £5 a Week for Life. They must remember that with an income of £5 a Week for Life their future happiness is insured. They will be free from all money troubles and worries that may now beset them, and not only themselves, but those who are most near and dear to them will benefit by the regular and certain income.

The man who has been longing for a comfortable home may now have it. The woman who has yearned for an independent dress allowance and comforts for the children may now have them. The young man who is ambitious to build up a big business will now have the opportunity of saving up capital.

£5 a Week saved up for a year is £260, and a nice little business can be purchased for this sum. If you are more ambitious, then you have only to save up for twenty-four months and you have £500.

Yet to get this certain and regular income of £5 a week you have only to find the names to the pictures which appear below, and to those which have already appeared, and which are going to appear until the Competition ends. It is a very small task when you come to consider the magnitude of the prize. Moreover, it is a pleasant task, and one which will increase your knowledge of the geography of the United Kingdom.

Possibly you have discovered most of the names of the pictures that have already appeared. It is unlikely that anyone will discover them all.

Remember that you have as good an opportunity of finding out the names as anyone else. You may have just one correct solution more than anyone else, and that one correct solution may bring you the prize of £5 a Week for Life.

We want to impress you with the fact that it does not do to become discouraged because you are unable to find a solution to every single picture. If you are able to find only half the solutions correctly, and none of the other competitors find as many, the £5 a Week for Life will be paid you just the same. So continue your work quietly and steadily until the last set of pictures appears. You would be pretty sorry if you gave up trying before the end of the Competition, and then found when the list of solutions was published that you had got every single one correct up to the time you discontinued, and that the man who got the prize had several incorrect. You would not like the prize to slip through your fingers in that way, would you? And so keep steadily on until you are told to send your pictures in. Meanwhile, see what you can do towards discovering solutions to those below.

Below you will find some pictures. Each of these pictures consists of certain objects which, either singly or collectively, represent the name of a railway station in the United Kingdom.

What you have to do is to find the railway station with the longest name made up entirely from the names of objects depicted in each picture (or from words which have the same sound). See example shown above.

An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

Before you begin, examine the example shown, which will make the matter clear.

Taking this as a guide, you have now to examine the pictures below, and discover the name of the railway station which each of them represents. When you have done this, write the name down in the space provided, and KEEP THE PAGE BY YOU. A SET OF PICTURES WILL APPEAR EACH WEEK.

The prize of £5 a Week for Life will be paid to the competitor from whom the Editors of Pearson's Weekly and The Big Budget actually receive the complete series of pictures containing the greatest number of correct solutions and fulfilling the conditions printed below. A further sum of £1,000 will be divided in the following manner among those who come next: First Consolation Cash Gift, £100; Second Cash Gift, £50; Third Cash Gift, £25; Fourth Cash Gift, £25; Fifth Cash Gift, £25; Sixth Cash Gift, £25; Seventh Cash Gift, £25; Eighth to Fifty-seventh Cash Gifts, £10 each; Fifty-eighth to Ninety-seventh Cash Gifts, £5 each.

This same prize is offered in THE BIG BUDGET (one penny, every Thursday). There are not two prizes of £5 a Week for Life, but ONE prize of £5 a Week for Life for PEARSON'S WEEKLY and BIG BUDGET readers combined. This also applies to the consolation gifts.

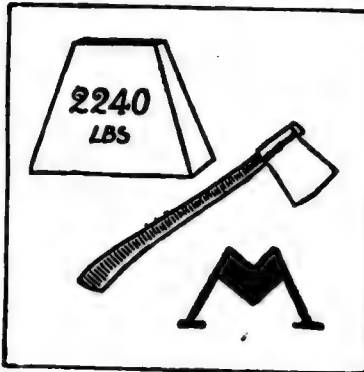
CONDITIONS.

1. The name must be clearly written under each picture in ink. (Use a fine pen.)
2. Only one name is allowed under each picture.
3. No alterations are allowed in the words. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross the word out, and write it again.
4. When you have filled up your set of pictures, cut it out and keep it by you.
5. Members of the same family may forward as many complete series of pictures as they like. Each complete series will be accepted independently, and the sets composing it must be fastened together at the top left-hand corner.
6. The name of the station with the greatest number of letters, made up of the names (or words which have the same sound) of the object or objects depicted in each picture is the correct solution, but if there are two or more of such names of stations depicted in one picture with an equal number of letters, each will be counted correct.
7. No competitor may obtain the assistance of professional competition solvers, who send out circulars, or whose advertisements appear in the Press. Every person who enters for this competition may do so only on this understanding. The prize will not be paid to anyone who we find has violated this condition.
8. In the event of a tie, a further set (or, if necessary, several further sets) of pictures will be submitted to the tying competitors until one wins the first prize outright.
9. The first prize—that is, £5 a Week for Life—will be payable weekly to the winner, who shall not be entitled to require that it be capitalised. Nor shall the winner be allowed to sell or pledge such weekly payment, and his receipt alone will be recognised.
10. All the names depicted in the sketches will be found as printed in the Index to Stations in the January (1903) edition of Bradshaw's Railway Guide. The Guide is now out of print, but a reprint of the Index to Stations, which is all you require, will be sent for three penny stamps on application to Bradshaw's Guide, 69 Fleet Street, London, E.C., or to Room 7, Pearson's Weekly, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

(These conditions are subject to correction and alteration before the competition closes.)

No inquiries regarding these conditions can be answered either personally or through the post. If a point of sufficient general interest is raised, it will be dealt with in the paper.

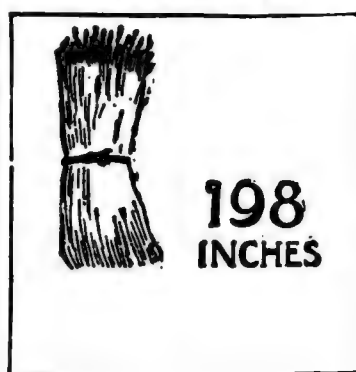
This competition started in PEARSON'S WEEKLY, No. 655. Back numbers may be ordered through any newsagent or bookstall clerk at a penny each. The complete set of back numbers up to date may be obtained from the Publisher, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C., for one shilling and eightpence post free.



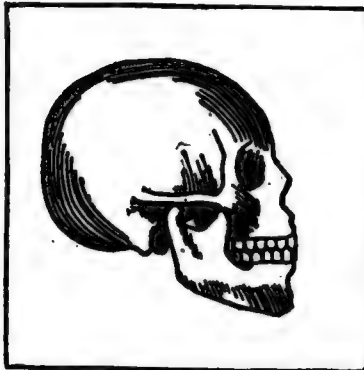
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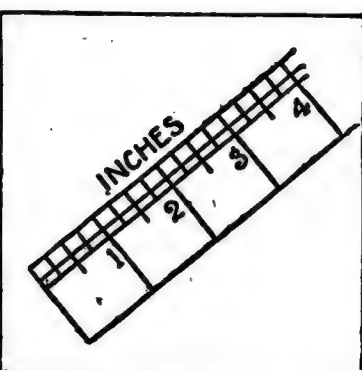
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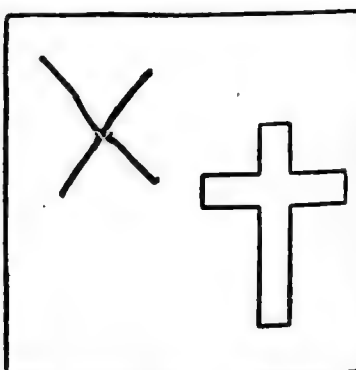
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CUT ACROSS HERE

Something fascinating—"A Weird Story"—by the novelist "M.P.", J. H. Yoxall—in the May PEARSON'S.

Life

LIST OF CHA

Sir Hubert Dreighton, ov
Reggie Dreighton } twins,
Violet Dreighton } Hu
Fred Templeton, in love v
Lord Arthur Gorham, th
Bill Baily, a broken down ra
May Cory, daughter of Sir I
whom Reggie is in love.
Margaret de Fèvre, a mu
of Templeton.

THIRTY-FIFTH

Margaret de Fèvre
Monsieur Twirlorum said I
became a little indistinguishable.
"Yes, I, the reckless dancer,
love! Look at me!" she cried,
reflection. "Isn't it ludicrous
farical?"

"You mean, he don't care for
"I don't know," she replied af
he loves a nice, healthy girl, bu
had to leave England. I sent him
I didn't know then, I didn't real
She gave a little hysterical laugh
"Who would believe Margaret
everyone would laugh at me, be
think he'd pity. But you, why
If she had looked closer at the
she might have noticed something
his cheeks.

"I don't know what love is,"
what it is?"

Margaret shook her head and
"I cannot tell you; no one c
one feels and hears but never
shrieks wildly and terrifyingly on
to rest with a song among the
fills one's body; it stings and
suddenly it softly caresses one's
from heaven and rises wrathful
no one has ever seen it, though
You may well ask, what is Love?

"I have felt its whip and k
Human Snake under his breath.
man has ever seen it, I have see
but felt only its wrath."

"You!" Margaret laughed.
"Here!" said the little man, r
in this room, in your face and h
have seen it!" He turned his
and the bones inside his india-r
"Won't you let me find your
he asked.

"He isn't my lover; perhaps
If so, that is my fault, for I sen
be safe; but I fear I have sent h
and vice."

"If you know where he is," s
far-away voice, "go and find hi
him home."

"I don't know where he is n
long time. But even if I did, ev
Though he does not love you
love is great enough to save him
yourself, but what of that? Lo
has sacrificed all, or lost all!"

Margaret took the little man's
"You strange person!" she
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have loved!"

Unconsciously her eyes roved
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"Of course not," he said, wi
horn-laugh. "I never could lo
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"You're a big heart, Twirly.
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him. I'll start trying at once."

Monsieur Twirlorum began t
"I'm not good enough to be y
you're ever hard up—"

He was nearly late for his en
time he writhed and wriggled o
from his eyes; and the more the
the more difficult he found it to

Margaret de Fèvre asked the
rest, and got it. And the very
home Félise presented her with
Carlo postmark and a card.

Trembling with excitement sh
read the contents:

"DEAR MARGARET,—I've been
what was the good of writing.

Th

Life's Great Handicap.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

LIST OF CHARACTERS.

Sir Hubert Dreighton, owner of Castle Cowan.
Reggie Dreighton } twins, son and daughter of Sir
Violet Dreighton } Hubert.
Fred Templeton, in love with Violet.
Lord Arthur Gorham, the man whom Violet loves.
Bill Bailey, a broken down racing tout.
May Cory, daughter of Sir Hubert's head keeper, with
whom Reggie is in love.
Margaret de Fèvre, a music-hall artiste, and friend
of Templeton.

THIRTY-FIFTH CHAPTER.

Margaret de Fèvre Makes a Move.

MONSIEUR TWIRLORUM sank back into his chair again and became a little indistinguishable, quivering knot.
"Yes, I, the reckless dancer, with a heart of stone, am in love! Look at me!" she cried, staring angrily at her own reflection. "Isn't it ludicrous, isn't it pitiable, isn't it farcical?"

"You mean, he don't care for you?"
"I don't know," she replied almost to herself. "He thinks he loves a nice, healthy girl, but he had to leave home—he had to leave England. I sent him away in order to save him; I didn't know then, I didn't realise then that I loved him!" She gave a little hysterical laugh and turned swiftly.
"Who would believe Margaret de Fèvre capable of love? everyone would laugh at me, he would laugh at me; no, I think he'd pity. But you, why don't you laugh?"
If she had looked closer at the little bony figure in the chair she might have noticed something like tears running down his cheeks.
"I don't know what love is," he said quietly. "Tell me what it is?"

Margaret shook her head and smiled.
"I cannot tell you; no one can tell you. It's something one feels and hears but never sees! It's like the wind, it shrieks wildly and terrifyingly on stormy nights, or soothes one to rest with a song among the pine trees; it surrounds one, fills one's body; it stings and bites and whips, and then suddenly it softly caresses one's face and lips; it sweeps down from heaven and rises wrathfully from the other place. Yet no one has ever seen it, though all have heard and felt it. You may well ask, what is Love?"

"I have felt its whip and known its sting," mused the Human Snake under his breath. "And though you say no man has ever seen it, I have seen it. I have seen its beauty but felt only its wrath."

"You!" Margaret laughed. "Where have you seen it?"
"Here!" said the little man, rising. "Here in the theatre, in this room, in your face and in your eyes, beautiful lady, I have seen it!" He turned his head away for a moment and the bones inside his india-rubber skin rattled mournfully.
"Won't you let me find your lover and bring him back?" he asked.

"He isn't my lover; perhaps he has forgotten the girl too. If so, that is my fault, for I sent him where I thought he'd be safe; but I fear I have sent him to end his days in misery and vice."

"If you know where he is," said Monsieur Twirlorum in a far-away voice, "go and find him and bring him back, bring him home."

"I don't know where he is now; he has not written for a long time. But even if I did, even if I found him—"

"Though he does not love you, still you love him, and your love is great enough to save him. In saving him you sacrifice yourself, but what of that? Love is never complete, until it has sacrificed all, or lost all!"

Margaret took the little man's hands.
"You strange person!" she said gently. "How do you know all this? You asked me what love was, and yet you seem to know, ah, far more than I do. Surely you could never have loved?"

Unconsciously her eyes roved over his attenuated, pathetically ugly body.

"Of course not," he said, with a return of his motor-car horn-laugh. "I never could love, and fancy anyone loving me! Wouldn't it be comical? But you, you must not waste your love; it's been given you for a purpose. And if I can help you—I only mean by my work, if you're ever hard up or anything!"

"You're a big heart, Twirly, and you shall help me; you shall be my friend, and I'll take your advice—I'll try and find him. I'll start trying at once."

Monsieur Twirlorum began to slide from the room.
"I'm not good enough to be your friend, but don't forget if you're ever hard up—"

He was nearly late for his entrance that night, and all the time he writhed and wriggled on the stage tears were falling from his eyes; and the more the audience laughed and shouted the more difficult he found it to keep the tears back.

Margaret de Fèvre asked the management for a few weeks' rest, and got it. And the very same evening on her return home Félise presented her with a letter bearing the Monte Carlo postmark and a card.

Trembling with excitement she tore the envelope open and read the contents:

"DEAR MARGARET,—I've been an ungrateful cur to you, but what was the good of writing. I shall never be able to return

home now, I am only a blot on life, a blot on our name and my father's and sister's happiness. The sooner I'm dead the better for all, and then no one will know the disgrace I brought on my family. I don't suppose I shall hold out much longer here, on one side of me is Heaven, on the other, well, something else; and I often look to Heaven—the blue sea glittering among the palm trees and flowers, and long to just drop quietly down; but I return to the other place, the gambling den on the hill, and that will soon give me the peace I want—the popped sleep, the end of all. I am not going to write to anyone again, as it only can make them miserable, though I wish I could see May once more, or at least know she is safe and happy.

"Good-bye, Margaret. God bless you for your kindness and goodness to me."

She sat for some time looking at the blotted, shaky writing through a mist, then with an effort she roused herself to action.

"Félise."

"Out, Madame?"

"We are going to Monte Carlo to-morrow!"

The French maid threw up her hands with an exclamation of joy.

"Pack quickly, and bring me a Bradshaw!"

"Out, Madame, and here is the gentleman's card who called. He called twice—three times; to-day he said he would call to-morrow early."

"I won't see anyone. I shall not be at home to a single soul," she said, glancing carelessly at the card; but when she saw the name scrawled in pencil she started.

"Mr. Bill Bailey."

Bill Bailey, Fred Templeton's former agent! Probably he had come from Templeton, the bearer of a message or a threat, or else an attempt to discover Reggie's whereabouts!

"Félise," Margaret cried. "When this gentleman calls to-morrow I will see him; do not send him away on any account. Indeed I shall not start for Monte Carlo until he has called."

THIRTY-SIXTH CHAPTER.

"Honour Among Thieves."

BILL BAILEY'S search for Reggie Dreighton had not extended beyond London before he decided to risk detection and the consequences of being recognised in his native village by making quite sure that Sir Hubert Dreighton's son had not returned home, and was living safely either under the parental roof or with his sister, Violet Templeton.

His determination to find the boy he had so terribly wronged and bring him back to his home, his father, his sister, and his sweetheart, had not abated one jot; he knew the risk he himself ran in doing so, he knew that if he escaped Templeton's vengeance he was hardly likely to escape the arm of the law for long; but the little spark of justice in Bailey's rough breast was alight; May Cory had fanned it into flame, and though he himself knew not what it was that burnt so fiercely in his heart, he knew that, cost what it would, he was going to play the game, to die as he had lived, a wrong 'un in many ways perhaps, but still a sportsman!

"This here race ain't been run straight," he told himself again and again when he felt his courage fail and the old love of life and the gambler's hope of getting straight on the morrow tempted him to keep quiet and start fresh on his own, leaving Fate to look after May Cory and Reggie Dreighton.

"The race ain't been run straight, and the bloomin' start was a false 'un, and it was all my fault, so I've just got to get them all back to the post and let them get away fairly, even though it means I may be collared!"

So one evening he walked past Castle Cowan village, through the woods to the Castle itself, and, carefully hiding himself from view tried to discover what was taking place in the great building, which now looked very empty and very quiet.

Having drawn blank there, he waited until sunset and then set out for Hayden Lodge. Under cover of darkness he stole into the garden and, attracted by the light in the study window, crept cautiously up and peered into the room.

He saw Violet and Templeton, he heard part of their conversation, enough to assure him that Reggie Dreighton was still an exile and in danger.

It was a glimpse of Bailey's face in the darkness that had frightened Fred Templeton when he hastily drew the curtains, uncertain whether he saw the living or the dead or a ghost conjured up by his imagination.

"He isn't here, he isn't in England," was the result of Bailey's summing up; "and if I don't find him soon Templeton will, and if he does, to judge by his face, 'twill be the end. But how am I to find out where he is?"

On his way back to London he remembered Margaret de Fèvre, and the part she had played in many of Fred Templeton's big gambles, and not too reputable schemes.

"If I'm not much mistaken," he soliloquised, "he's done her once or twice, and had her over The Prince's victory same as he had me, and she won't be playing into his hands any longer. Women are revengeful creatures when a man has deceived them once too often, and if she could put a nail into his coffin, maybe she wouldn't object as long as she found someone to do the hammering of it!"

So he went straight to her flat, which he found without much difficulty, though he'd forgotten the number but remembered the street. He met with scant ceremony at Félise's hands, but undaunted called the next morning, and was immediately admitted, this time being received by the French maid with her most gracious and winning smile.

"Madame would not keep monsieur long—would monsieur

take a seat and make himself at home—monsieur would find cigarettes on the table."

"This is all right," Bailey muttered to himself, gazing round the room and walking nervously over the thick Turkey carpet and sniffing the flower-perfumed air. "She do want to put a few nails in his coffin I'll bet an even monkey!"

When Margaret appeared, wrapped in a loose morning-gown, looking a little pale and tired, Bailey started in surprise and stared at her open-mouthed. He had never seen her before, and he thought he had never seen quite such a beautiful woman.

"Mr. Templeton's a fool," was his first thought as he gazed at her in embarrassed silence. "Why, she could give ten pounds and two lengths to any of them, and win in a canter."

"You wanted to see me, Mr. Bailey, I think," she said sinking into a chair.

"Yes, miss—madame. Yes, I did want to see you," he muttered, smoothing his hat with the back of his hand.

"Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you."

He pulled forward a chair, but remained standing.

Margaret had taken him off his balance; he felt afraid to look at her again, and yet he didn't know where else to look; she seemed to be forcing his eyes to meet hers. The atmosphere of the room oppressed him; its dainty, sensuous luxury awed him.

"You come, perhaps, from your late master, Mr. Fred Templeton?" she suggested at last, as he did not speak.

"No, I don't exactly come from him, but I come about him. That is to say, I thought you might know where a certain person who he was once interested in, so to speak, is hiding." He pulled himself up with a jerk. "I don't mean hiding exactly, I mean you might know where he is staying?"

Margaret raised her eyebrows.

"Indeed? What reason have you for thinking I should know the hiding place of Mr. Templeton's acquaintances? Surely he is the best person to ask?"

"Yes, of course; but this gentleman isn't an acquaintance of his any longer. I thought perhaps you knew—it's Mr. Dreighton, Mr. Reginald Dreighton, I want to find."

"Really?" Margaret displayed not the slightest emotion. "Then may I ask why you want to find him?"

Bill Bailey shuffled uncomfortably to and fro.

"Well, a friend of mine, leastways not exactly a friend, because I'm only a common man, but someone I owe a debt to—a big, big debt, miss, wants to know his whereabouts very badly."

Margaret sighed and rose.

"I thought as much; well, I can only advise you, Mr. Bailey, to return to your friend and tell him to do his own seeking, his own man-hunting."

"Him—who?" gasped Bailey.

"Your employer—Mr. Templeton!"

"My employer—Mr. Templeton! He ain't my employer any longer, I haven't anything to do with him now; just about the time The Prince beat Merry Market in the Duke of York's Stakes we had one or two little differences and we parted—we parted very sudden," he added, with a grim smile. "I dropped out of his life so to speak, but I'm just going to drop in again, and I don't suppose he'll be glad to see me."

Margaret gazed steadily at Bill Bailey, and his eyes wandered nervously round the room; she misunderstood his embarrassment, believing that he was lying badly, and not recognising that it was her presence that made him nervous and ill at ease.

"So you want to find Mr. Dreighton in order to pay off a debt," she said slowly. "A debt you owe Mr. Templeton, I suppose?"

"That's it," he replied—"that's it, I do owe him a debt, but another sort to the one I spoke of first, and if I can get Sir Hubert's son safely in England—"

"You have come to the wrong person for help, then; neither Mr. Templeton nor you nor anyone else will ever discover where Reggie Dreighton is living—it is hopeless to try. Good morning!"

But Bill Bailey did not move. After clearing his throat once or twice, he said slowly:

"I think you misunderstand me, miss; I don't want to find Mr. Dreighton's whereabouts in order to help Mr. Templeton, it's for another person's sake that I want to find him."

"For his sister's sake?"

"No, not exactly his sister—I tell you I must and will find him," he went on desperately. "He was in France, but whether he's there or not now I don't know."

"Ah!"

"But if you know, for Heaven's sake tell me and let me find him and fetch him home."

"Yes, you'd fetch him home," said Margaret bitterly; "and what would be the result, what price would be paid for his home-coming?"

"A very heavy price I'd pay, maybe!"

"Yes, and receive from Mr. Templeton! No, Mr. Bailey, I'm a woman, and therefore foolish, I daresay, and Mr. Templeton has fooled me once. But not again. Go back, tell him that I do know where Reggie Dreighton is, but that he shall never, never know; no one shall know, no one shall ever see him again, no one but myself!"

"You know where he is?"

"Yes, but you cannot fool me into telling you with your clumsy lies and distorted tales; kindly go now and tell your master what I've said."

"He ain't my master," cried Bailey excitedly. "I hate him,

that's why I came to you, because I knew he'd fooled you same as he fooled me, and I thought you'd be glad to get a bit of your own back! Don't you see, don't you understand?"

"Yes," replied Margaret scornfully. "I see; I understand."

"Then tell me where he is, where Mr. Dreighton is, and we'll put a nail in Mr. Templeton's coffin as he'll never get out again. Revenge is sweet," he added cunningly; "and here's your chance of revenge, a bigger revenge than perhaps you guess, miss; and you'll make others happy too!"

"I always pay my own debts and look after my own happiness; you are merely wasting your own time and mine."

"You won't believe me, then—you won't help me? You know where he is hiding and you refuse to tell me because—because you think I want to harm him—want to give him up to the man I hate, the man I'd like to see where he wants to put Mr. Dreighton, on the scaffold!"

"I refuse to tell you because I know who and what you are! I tell you I've been fooled once—but not again! Now go."

"I can't go—I won't go till you tell me," cried Baily desperately. "If you want to save Mr. Reggie and if you hate Mr. Templeton, then tell me all you know; for pity's sake tell me, miss!"

"I refuse, and more than that, I warn you not to try to find him yourself. I warn you and all who are trying to lound the boy to his doom that if he suffers, if he is found or hurt in any way, whoever is responsible shall answer to me for his life!"

"It's his life I want to save—it's his life I can save, and I alone, if you'll only help, if you'll only tell me. For God's sake trust me—oh, you may laugh, I know I'm not the sort a dog would trust, let alone a woman, but that's the very reason you can trust me now. I'm in earnest; I'm honest, I'm acting straight for once, and it's hard lines if I'm not allowed to play the right game at last, 'cause all my life I've played the wrong game. Now I want to blot out a few of the smudges I've made during my life, seems as if I was only going to make a bigger smudge."

For an instant Margaret felt inclined to trust Baily, to believe that he was honest and his desire to save Reggie was genuine; for an instant only. But experience closed the gates of faith with a bang and laughed jeeringly at the idea of trusting a single soul, least of all one who had ever had dealings with Templeton.

"His life is quite safe in my hands," she said quietly, walking to the door. "Don't forget to tell Mr. Templeton that his life is quite safe!"

"Stop!" Baily strode across the room. "His life is quite safe; no one can touch him, for he hasn't done nothing wrong, he is innocent, innocent of the crime he thinks he's committed! He never killed John Cory!"

Margaret turned swiftly and caught Baily by the arm and gazed almost fiercely into his face.

"Now will you believe me, now will you trust me, now will you tell me where he is?" he whispered excitedly.

Margaret threw him off with a short, hard laugh.

"No, I will not tell you! You are a clumsy liar, a fit servant for a clumsy bully!"

She rang the bell and Felise showed Baily to the door. He shuffled out dejectedly, paused on the threshold and turned.

"I'm speaking truth," he said quietly, but with despair in his voice. "So help me, I'm speaking truth, the truth that maybe will cost me my life; won't you believe me? I'm not such a wrong 'un as you think!"

His voice trembled and broke. He moved towards the boudoir again in a dazed fashion. Felise touched him lightly on the arm.

"Monsieur will find the lift on the right; touch the bell twice and the porter will take monsieur down!"

He stumbled out and the door banged behind him.

"It ain't no good," he muttered brokenly to himself, blowing his nose vigorously in his old red handkerchief; "it ain't no good trying to go straight now, the devil's branded me with his trade mark, and the only thing left for me is to enter for the All Aged Selling Stakes for Hades."

THIRTY-SEVENTH CHAPTER. High Stakes.

The wonderful Casino Orchestra at Monte Carlo was filling the warm, still air with music half divine, half fiendish; music that beat in time with the gambler's feverish pulse and set the lover's heart throbbing to the tune the violins so wistfully sang.

A deep blue sky hung like a great roof above the deep blue sea and the gardens gay with the colours of innumerable flowers.

Spring might be dawning in England, on the Riviera she had indeed arrived, her arm full of roses, her breath warm and perfume laden.

Down by the sea, down among the palms and orange trees, was Heaven, an earthly paradise planned by Nature and carried into faulty execution by man; upon the hill, up above the singing waters of the sea, was an altogether different place—an earthly Hades which was perfectly executed by man.

And between these two places travellers from four quarters of the globe wandered; now soothing their senses in the peace and beauty of the gardens, now steeping their souls deep in the poisoned waters of the golden river that day and night rushes through the Casino Palace.

Here were men so rich and so bored that the excitement of losing money with every tick of the clock, the excitement of pitting their fortunes against the bank's, was almost a pleasure. Here were women whom every pleasure had tired long ago, women dead to love, dead to beauty, dead to joy, who only lived when the click, click of the roulette ball, the silent shuffle of the cards, or the whisper of the dice stirred the dull blood in their tired veins.

Here were others, the foolish ones, but happy for a time, who came to risk their all in trying to make a fortune; some bringing systems, some bringing luck—some hope and some despair with which to wage the eternal warfare, but all eventually returning whence they came empty-handed.

Sadder but wiser! Some never left; they were the wisest perhaps.

On a promontory overhanging the waters of the bay a

young man was lying in the shadow of a clump of trees. His eyes were sunken and heavy, his mouth drawn, his cheeks pale and hollow; down below a red-tailed fishing boat rocked on the waters and a bronzed fisher-lad sang a gay chansonette.

Reggie Dreighton watched him, listened to him, and struggle as he would to keep them back, tears filled his eyes.

"Lucky beggar, happy beggar," he cried aloud. "You're full of health and the joy of life—and yet perhaps you sometimes envy us up here, the driftwood of life's ocean, who never know a moment's peace or pure joy; on the beach your lover waits for you, a girl as gay and bronzed and healthy as yourself—you can live freely, love freely, whilst I—"

He shuddered and rose and walked slowly up the hill, towards the Casino.

"I already hear Death's footsteps dogging mine. I only want him to come quickly, because I haven't the pluck to go to him myself!"

He pulled a handful of coins from his pocket and counted them.

"When they are gone if Death doesn't come I shall have to go to him; my thoughts will drive me mad if I can't gamble them away at the tables, and drown memory in the green sea heaped with gold."

Often and often he had longed to creep down to the blue waters that murmured so soothingly of sleep when the moon rose pale above the far horizon; a long, sweet sleep in which he would forget—forget his crime, forget the hearts that ached for him, forget the girl's face that haunted him ceaselessly now; it would be so easy to just leap into the old sea—a sighing of wind, a hissing of waves, and a rush of water in the throat, then a trembling and a swooning; down, down, down!

That was all. Sleep would press her cold lips to the cold lips Love might never touch, and place her fingers on the tired, staring eyes, and then oblivion!

Yet he dared not, but the only thing that kept him alive was the mad, wild game inside the Casino walls; the music, the light, the flowers, the rattle of gold, and the thumping hearts and trembling hands, the race of gold against life; the spin of the ball or fall of dice that saved or ruined!

There was forgetfulness in the gamble of men and women's souls.

Since he had left Paris he had received no more money from his sister, or rather from Templeton; now only a few louis remained—when they were gone! He looked back at the blue sea.

"The game will be worth playing to-night," he said aloud, "for I shall play with Death."

"Why will the game be worth playing?" said a voice behind him.

Reggie Dreighton turned and found himself facing a tall, dark girl, whom he had often noticed playing roulette, and had sometimes spoken to.

"Why?" he repeated. "Oh, because I almost hope to lose!"

"Hope to lose? You strange man!"

"Because if I lose it will be the end."

The girl sighed.

"When I lose it will be the end too."

"Why do you play—why are you here?" Reggie asked, looking at the sad but pretty face beside him. "You look too young, and you are unlike the others here; why don't you give it up and go home?"

"Because I haven't a home," she replied lightly. "If I went home my father, if he still lives, would send me away again; I have no mother; I was left with a thousand pounds. What was the good of that? I tried to find work, and failed, and I knew when I'd spent it all what the end would be. So I came here and I said, if I double it two or three times, I'll live my own life, my best life, and look for love again. If I lose it—"

She shrugged her shoulders. "And you?"

Reggie Dreighton shook his head.

"Don't ask me, I want to forget."

"Poor boy!"

"But you," he said presently, as they reached the upper gardens, "I wish you'd go home. Risk it, won't you? He'd be glad to see you, or if he has gone, there are friends who would be glad, I know there are!"

"My home is in Austria, and Austrians are proud. Sometimes they forgive their sons, but never their daughters."

The orchestra was playing a dreamy waltz; the sun was dipping into the sea and setting the heavens on fire.

"It is too early to go into the Casino yet; sit down here and talk to me, will you? Doesn't the music fill you with hopes and desires and strange thoughts?"

Reggie shook his head.

"It only hurts me," he said simply.

"You must have suffered."

"Not so much as I have made others suffer. And you?"

"I suffered when my mother left me, I think, that was ten years ago, when I was eight years old; I suffered when I left my home, but I don't think I've suffered since. If I were to stop this mad gamble perhaps I should suffer again; I should begin to think!"

"We must none of us think."

"I have often looked at you," said the girl presently, "and wondered what your sorrow was. I've even wished I could help you. That was silly of me and impertinent."

"I don't think it was either, it was kind. And perhaps"—he added after a moment's hesitation—"perhaps you could help me."

"Could I really? Do let me, at least let me try? It would be such a novelty, such a break in the monotony of this selfish gamble of existence."

"It may sound foolish to you, coming from one who is almost a stranger."

"None of us are strangers in Monte Carlo!"

"Well, I'd like you to promise me to go home. Ah, I knew you'd laugh and shrug your shoulders, but you are different from the rest; you still have youth and hope on your side."

"But how could that help you?" asked the girl.

"It would help me, when I have staked my last stake, and lost; when I take off my hat to Life and hold out my hand to Death; it would help me to know that out of the half-dozen people I've met there was one, a stranger to me, true, yet still one human soul I was able perhaps to help, not hinder—one human being I saved from folly as great

as mine. For where will your present life lead you?—even where I am going?"

"Is it too late for you to turn back, to go home?"

He nodded.

"Yes, if I stay here there can be only one end; if I go home the end will be the same, only more hurtful to those I love. But for you there is the chance of better things; I feel it, I know it. Will you take the chance?"

"Why should you care what happens to me? No one has cared for so long."

"Will you give up this foolish game you are playing with Fate, the game that has only one end?"

The girl was silent for a long time. She looked at the sky where the sun had fallen asleep; she listened to the song of the music.

"Let us go into the Casino now," she said, rising. "Just now you said the game would be interesting to-night because you'd play to lose. Fate threw you in my path, let Fate decide, I shall follow your play and risk all I possess. If I lose—the inevitable will come to pass. If I win enough I will perhaps go home, and if my home refuses to receive me I'll wander about the world on the chance of finding someone or something to love—perhaps my mother, if she still lives, though she is but a distant memory to me. And I'll remember you and I'll live my best life. Come."

They rose and walked together into the great white building gleaming in the last rays of daylight.

"And if you win, what will you do?" said the girl, as they sat at one of the tables in the roulette-room.

"I shall lose," Reggie Dreighton replied. "Wait until I have lost and then play; or let me then play for you; as you said, Fate threw me in your path, and perhaps not without a reason!"

The Casino was comparatively empty, few people were gathered round the table. But as the night approached the play grew heavier, men and women streamed from the balconies and gardens, restaurants and hotels, into the gaming rooms.

On every face was the flush of excitement or the pallor of despair, on every face was written the greed of gold—on every face save the faces of the croupiers; coldly, quietly, stolidly, they raked in the money and paid the winners; in their metallic tones they cried:

"Play, gentlemen, play!"

Then the ball clicked and rattled and the money jingled, and some players laughed hysterically under their breath, and some smiled, and some reviled low in the language of all countries.

The mad dance of the ball ceased!

"Twenty-one. Red, odd!"

"That's the first number to turn up," said Reggie Dreighton, "and it represents my age too! I shall follow twenty-one!"

Again the ball danced; again the croupiers cried, again steady hands and trembling hands, fat hands loaded with diamonds, and thin hands, bony and bare, placed their contributions of silver and gold and notes on the altar of Fate. And high above the subdued hum and hissing of voices, high above the click of the dancing ball, rang her shrill, wild laugh mingling with the metallic—

"The game is over!"

An instant's pause, an instant's excitement—for some the instant seemed an eternity—then—

"Twenty, black, even!"

So near and yet so far!

With a laugh Reggie again staked on twenty-one.

"Play on odd and even, black and white, it's safer," whispered the girl.

"I'm not playing for safety," he replied. "I'm playing to lose! Twenty-one is my age, if twenty-one never turns up I shall understand—"

Twenty-one never did turn up.

Again spun the ball; again and yet again. Some people began to watch the young Englishman with a pitying smile.

"Another fool going to the dogs," they said.

"Wait, he will win presently," whispered others.

But he never won. The girl's face beside him grew deadly pale as he threw his last three louis on twenty-one. Almost with a sigh of relief he laughed.

"This is the end; if I lose—it will be your turn. And you," he continued, with a sudden determination, "are going to win."

"The game is over!"

Rattle, rattle, rattle! Click, click—it's stopped!—no! Click, click—"Twenty-four!"

Someone laughed hysterically; there was a sudden movement at the great doors at the far end of the room, and a buzz of surprise and admiration.

"What is it? La Belle Tortajada? No—haven't seen her for two years. Who? The famous dancer; she broke the bank here three years ago!"

Reggie Dreighton did not look up; he did not hear the whispered exclamations; he did not see the tall, beautiful woman slowly making her way through the crowd, her large

(Continued on page 785.)

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WOMEN WITH YELLOW FACES.

"Not one woman in a hundred need have a yellow, unhealthy-coloured face, if she knew how to avoid it," said a well-known medico recently. "Keep the digestion right, and the nerves will be right. If the digestion is right and the nerves are right, cheerfulness and a glowing healthy skin will replace sallowness and melancholy." Just how to keep the digestion right, however, is another secret. A little black bean-like body, containing some of the finest vegetable essences of the rich Australian Continent, may now be purchased from any chemist under the name of bile beans, and this little production of recent science is now far ahead of all known medicines for keeping the digestive organs and liver in the best condition. It is only natural that the latest products of science should be superior to those of forty or fifty years ago. Hence it is that bile beans are so rapidly displacing the older remedies. Proofs of their power are not wanting. Here is one example. Mrs. M. J. Dent, of Sanderson's Terrace, South Cramlington, says:—

"It is well known in this neighbourhood that for years I have been a great sufferer from biliousness and indigestion. The doctors said it was acute indigestion as long as fourteen years ago, though they were unable to give me anything that did me any good. For a long time my suffering was so acute I could get no sleep. I could not lie still in bed, my headache was so severe, and the stifling sensation from indigestion so torturing. I lost my appetite altogether, had no inclination for food, and when I did try to take something to keep up my strength, it only made my suffering worse.

"A little over two years ago I was told by my doctor I would have to undergo an operation if I was to hope for any cure, as my case had become 'complicated' through the wretched state of my stomach and my general weakness. At that time I was too weak to do any house work. I went to skin and bone, and was a mere shadow. You see me now," added Mrs. Dent, smiling, the lady having since developed into a magnificent specimen of robust health. "My altered condition is due solely to Bile Beans. When I was as bad as a woman could be I tried them, and by perseverance they have changed me from a weak and fast-failing invalid to a robust, healthy woman. I bear no traces of illness now!"

Mrs. Wood, a neighbour, who called in at the moment of the conversation, confirmed Mrs. Dent's statement, adding, "You are not like the same woman." Nor is she.

CURIOUS EFFECT OF A CRUST OF BREAD.

A CURIOUS effect of a crust of bread is communicated by a Mexboro' woman, who, after suffering forty years from indigestion and biliousness, has been restored to health by bile beans. She says: "When I saw a piece of bread crust it had a most peculiar effect. It would suggest the sticking of food at the chest, a feeling of dryness and by degrees a sharp cutting pain would come on. I had had indigestion from being a girl, and frequent bilious attacks. I should vomit green bile one day and be so bad that for two or three days afterwards I could do no work. An acute pain at the chest and through to the shoulders was an unfailing sign that another attack of indigestion was due, and then I should be prostrated for a few days. It was terrible! Often I was so weak and dizzy that I reeled if I stooped to pick up anything or made the slightest strain in doing what I was engaged upon. My husband used to look at me some times and say, 'You look like death!' Sometimes I should be burning hot one minute, and chill as ice the next, and these alternate hot and cold sensations would occasionally keep me awake all night.

"The doctors I consulted didn't seem to be able to give me any relief. I can safely say I have swallowed hundreds of bottles of medicine and boxes of different pills, but still I went on ailing just the same, until just over fifteen months ago. At that time I was very bad, and on the advice of a friend I tried a box of bile beans. They did me good, and I got another. Just by what stages they acted upon me I can't now say; but within a few weeks after beginning with bile beans I found they were curing me. I persevered with them, and within three months they had cured me completely. For forty long years I had never been free from indigestion and biliousness for longer than a few days. It is now twelve months since bile beans cured me; and during the whole of that time I have never had a trace of either complaint. This leaves no mistake about the permanency of my cure. I have recommended bile beans to scores of people, and I shall continue to recommend them."

The above facts have been embodied in a sworn statement made by the subject of the cure—Mrs. Butterfield, of Albert Cottages, Victoria Road, Mexboro'—before a Commissioner for Oaths. Mrs. Butterfield is the mother of seven children, and one of her grown-up sons was amongst the miners affected by the recent strike at the Donby & Cadby Collieries, in connection with which so many families were evicted.

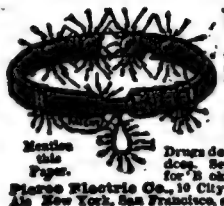
WHAT WILL CURE PIMPLES?

"At this season how often we hear the question asked," writes a correspondent. "There is nothing in the range of modern medicine so effective for pimples as the vegetable medicine bile beans. The days of the 'treacle and brimstone' horror are gone by. One wants something which is at the same time more effective and more pleasant, and such a medicine is found in bile beans. Apropos of this the following instance of their power may be quoted. The writer is Mr. George Davis, of Wreath Quay Road, Monkwearmouth. He says:—

"I was almost covered with unsightly pimples, boils, and blotches. My arms, legs, hands, and body were all attacked, and the irritation and pain was almost unbearable. Apart from the pain I was most disagreeable to look upon, and was ashamed to go out. My liver was out of order [this was the root cause of his trouble]. I was always drowsy and listless—as tired in the morning as at night. Sick-headache often overcame me. I was coative, and I felt as wretched as a man can feel. On the advice of a friend, I took bile beans. They soon ended the constipation, and their action on the liver was manifest by the way in which my blood was purified, and the boils and pimples grew less and less. Within a short time of commencing with bile beans my skin was quite cleared. I was relieved of the nasty drowsy sleepy feelings which had been so troublesome. The nausea and sickness also left me. I am now quite cured, and enjoy excellent health."

A GOOD USE FOR A PENNY STAMP.

An ordinary penny postage stamp sent enclosed within an envelope, containing also your full name and address, will ensure you receiving a sample box of bile beans for biliousness, if posted to the Bile Bean Company's central distributing depot, Greek Street, Leeds, Yorks. This offer is made by the proprietors because they have full confidence in their medicine, which, once used, becomes the family medicine in any home. The only condition imposed is that you will cut this paragraph out of *Pearson's Weekly* and enclose it in your envelope. Bile beans have been proved to be a cure for indigestion, biliousness, constipation, piles, liver and kidney disorders, female ailments, anaemia, debility, flatulence, headache, loss of appetite, pimples, skin eruptions, and all ailments arising out of impaired digestion and liver disorder. They may be had of all medicine vendors at 1s. 1jd. or 2s. 8d. per box, but you are cautioned to accept nothing but a box bearing the full name, "Bile Beans for Biliousness." If you accept anything else YOU WILL ONLY BE DISAPPOINTED.

WEAK MEN
and WOMEN

Can obtain strength and vigor by the use of DR. FRENCH'S ELECTRIC BELT. A Wonderful Restorative. The most Scientific Electrical Appliance ever made. Drugs do not cure. This belt does. Send stamp (any sort) for 75 cents No. 2. Write to: Pierce Electric Co., 10 City Road, London, E.C. Also New York, San Francisco, and Sydney.

TRUE HAIR GROWER



When I was bald I came into possession of the secret of a genuine hair grower. My hair grew to its present length in about 40 days. Hundreds of other similar cases. I am selling the marvelous preparation. To introduce it I will post you a trial box in sealed plain parcel for only 5 stamps. Try it as I did, and convince yourself. Address: JOHN CRIVEN-BURLEIGH, N.Z. 110 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

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Triumph Cycles
10 Gns. to 19 Gns., or from a Guinea per mth.
TRIUMPH CYCLE CO., LTD., Coventry.
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15 Buns for 1d.

You can make 15 large, light, delicious, and wholesome buns from 1d. packet of Effel Tower Bun Flour for a total cost of 3d. It is so easy to use that a child can make delicious buns with certain success. Ask your Grocer for it, or send a Postcard for FREE SAMPLE (enough for 15 Buns) to Foster Clarke and Co., Effel Tower Factory, Maidstone.

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Personal Magnetism; HYPNOTISM; Thought-Force; Will-Power.

call it what you please—in that intangible "something" that makes man succeed, that causes him to stand out above his fellow man; that enables him to influence others; direct his business enterprises and truly become a leader among his fellows. You can learn the mysterious secrets of personal influence at your own home. You can rise to the greatest heights of business and social success; gain wealth and renown; gratify your ambitions; win the friendship and esteem of those with whom you come in contact; prolong your life; cure all diseases and bad habits without drugs or medicine; if you will but master the hidden secrets of your magnetic force, of hypnotic power.

These Magnetic Powers Explained Free. The American College of Sciences is giving away, to all who ask for it, a wonderful book which fully explains how these powers can be developed. It teaches just what hypnotism really is and how you can develop and use it in every day life. It teaches you the same methods that have made Carnegie and Rockefeller and other of the world's great men, wealthy and famous. Hundreds who have read the book have been shown the way to a successful career in various walks of life. We absolutely guarantee success or forfeit \$1,000.00 in gold. All you have to do to get this great book, is to send your name and address and it will be forwarded to you free of all charge, the expense of name being borne entirely by the Hon. James H. Connelley, former Mayor of the City of Reading, Pa., who believes that he is doing more good as a philanthropist by putting these books into the hands of the young men and women of America than he would as a founder of libraries or any other philanthropic work. This book leaves nothing unexplained. It shows what hypnotism really is and how it can be used on everybody by people in every day life. If you wish to be successful, if you wish to be a leader among men and women, if you wish to secure your full quota of wealth and happiness you will not delay a day but write at once for this great book. Address your letter to the Chairman of Committee on Free Distribution, American College of Sciences, Dept. T.P. 40, Philadelphia, Pa. U.S.A.

40/- SUIT FOR 13/3

As an advertisement offer, we will make any reader a GENTLEMAN'S DURESS CLOTH SUIT, value 40/-, wholesale price only 13/3, carriage extra (40/-). Some customers think this offer too good to be true, until they get the Suit, then we receive their letters of delight by the hundreds. If you, reader, are interested in saving money, as you should be, simply call or write a post-card to

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and ask for patterns, tape measure, and particulars, which you need not send. They cost you nothing, and will certainly save you pounds in tailor's bills. We make Gentlemen's Light Tweed Raincoats Overcoats to order for 13/3. Established for the people in 1888. Cut this offer out, as it may not appear again.

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In the original HYGIENIC and ANTYPERSPIRANT powder. Delightful After Bathing. A Luxury After Shaving. Beautifies and Preserves the Complexion. A positive relief for Chafed Skin, Chapped Hands, and all ailments of the skin. For nose, blistered, and perspiring feet it has no equal; removes all odour of perspiration. Recommended by eminent Physicians and Nurses as the most perfect hygiene. Toilet Powder for Infants and Adults. Get Mennen's (the original) a little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but there is a reason for it. Sample free. Sent by all chemists, or sent post free for 1/6, you get by Mennen Chemical Co., 11 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

BORAX STARCH GLAZE.

Ironing-day troubles

never arises when the ironer adds a pinch of Borax Starch Glaze to the starch. All the bother and disappointment come when she tries to get the finish with starch only. The difference is so marked that when once a woman uses Borax Starch Glaze she never thinks of ironing without it. With it the finest laundry finish can be easily obtained at home by even the most inexperienced. No starch made can give the Borax Starch Glaze finish. Your Grocer or Oilman sells it in 1d. and larger packets.

FREE SAMPLE PACKET AND SOME NOVELTIES if you name this paper and your grocer.

By Special Appointment Makers to the King.

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Old False Teeth Bought.

Many people have old or disused false teeth. Messrs. R. D. and J. B. Fraser Ltd., of Princes St., Ipswich (estab. 1833), buy old false teeth. If you send your teeth to them they will remit you by return of post the utmost value; or if preferred, they will make you the best offer, and hold the teeth over for your reply. The largest and oldest buyers of old false teeth in the world.

LIFE'S GREAT HANDICAP (continued from page 783).

dark eyes flashing from face to face; seeking, seeking—until they saw his face!

Then swiftly she pushed her way towards him and stood behind his chair, trembling.

Then someone whispered in French, "It's Margaret de Fèvre, the famous dancer, the great beauty!"

But Reggie Dreyton did not hear; he was listening to the distant lapping of the waves on the sea shore; he fancied he could hear them quite distinctly, crooning, calling, weeping: "Come and rest! Come and rest!"

"Play, gentlemen, play!"

With an effort he pulled himself together and turned to the girl.

"Shall I play for you?"

A hand was gently laid on his shoulder, roughly he shook it off without looking round, and gathered together the bundle of notes and pile of gold his partner took from her purse.

"Twenty-one has decided for me, it shall decide for you," he said.

"Not again!"

"Why not? Fate is a better gambler than we!"

"The game is over!"

Quickly he placed the limit on twenty-one, and for the first time his hand trembled and his white face flushed.

It was a woman's soul he played for now, not his own.

Quite a big crowd had gathered round the end of the table where he sat, attracted by his play, attracted by Margaret de Fèvre. But no one in the room staked near his chosen number; luck was against him, and gamblers are wisely superstitious.

The ball ceased its revolutions; silence reigned, silence in which an orchestra of hearts beat varying tunes against many breasts.

"Twenty-one. Red, odd!"

A long-drawn hiss and hum of surprise; every eye in the room looked at Reggie Dreyton as he raked a pile of notes towards him.

"De Fèvre has brought him luck," whispered some. "Let's follow him now," said others.

The crowd increased.

"Twenty-one again?" asked the girl, in feverish tones.

"I don't know, wait!"

Quite a heap of money rested on the winning number when the ball commenced its short, mad spin.

Reggie stretched out his hand, and was placing the limit again on twenty-one when once more he felt his shoulder touched. He hesitated, and dropped his money on zero!

"Fool, why doesn't he follow his luck," cried a German.

"The game is over. Zero!"

He took his winnings and laughed hysterically, leaving his stake still on zero.

Margaret de Fèvre watched like one fascinated, afraid to move or speak.

His face was on fire; his eyes were burning; the very chair he sat on trembled with the trembling of his body.

Again zero turned up—and again!

The excitement grew intense, everyone began to follow his lead; he swayed to and fro in his chair like a drunken man, whilst the girl by his side sat cold and pale; immovable, speechless; watching the heap of money before her growing larger and larger.

Two spins of the ball passed without Reggie Dreyton staking; then he returned to twenty-one. And lost. Again twenty-one; again he lost.

Once again; and in breathless suspense the crowd heard the metallic cry—

"Twenty-one!"

Once again, "Twenty-one!"

And again.

"Surely the devil is sitting behind the boy," cried those who watched. "No, she's behind his chair," laughed others.

"Tell me your system," pleaded a woman on his right.

"It's the sea waves that tell me what to do," cried the boy hysterically, rising and throwing a pile of notes on seven.

"Don't you hear them whispering?"

He laughed, and turned to the girl, who was staring at him with frightened eyes.

"Have you won enough? Do you want more?"

"Enough, enough," she whispered, rising.

"The game is over. Seven, black, odd!" He had won! Again twenty-one! Half the room staked on twenty-one—and it lost!

Reggie rose to his feet, swept the girl's winnings into her lap, and staggered through the crowd towards the door. The girl rose too, and as she did so came face to face with Margaret de Fèvre; staring at her for an instant like one in a dream, she stretched out her hands, tried to speak, but no words came.

Pushing past her, Margaret followed Reggie Dreyton out through the room, out through the great marble hall, out into the gardens where the moon played hide and seek among the orange trees.

Down through the gardens heavy with perfume he strode, down to the cliffs, to the edge of the shimmering sea.

Softly lapped the waves, sweetly sang the waters.

"Boy!" He turned sharply, and saw Margaret standing beside him in the moonlight. She caught his hands in hers, and pulled him towards her, and held him tightly to her breast, as a mother her lost child.

"Boy, what are you going to do?"

"I am going to find rest in the endless, dreamless sleep; let me go!"

She held him tighter.

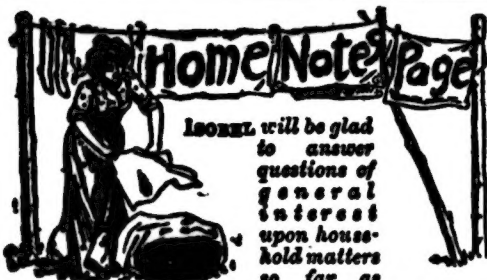
"I shall not let you go! You are coming with me, home!"

"Home," he echoed, swaying in her arms.

"Yes, home!"

(Another splendid instalment next week.)

NOTE.—Unless you enjoyed this story you would not be reading it, and as you do read it, it follows that you like good fiction. That being so you should get a copy of **SHORT STORIES** (one penny every Tuesday) which presents a veritable feast for the fiction lover. Every week this little paper contains six or eight complete tales, besides a long instalment of a splendid serial, and at present an attractive competition in which valuable prizes are offered, is running.



Isobel will be glad to answer questions of general interest upon household matters so far as space permits. A pretty pencil-case will be given to each reader whose inquiry is dealt with on this page. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES PAGE.

A Few Grains of Alum added to the washing will relieve those whose hands perspire very much. (Reply to E. S.)

Lamb's Liver, when nicely prepared, is equal to calf's liver. It may be cut in slices a quarter of an inch thick, scalded and fried quickly in bacon fat. Serve with slices of fried bacon and a good brown gravy.

To Drive Away Blackbeetles in your kitchen, scatter powdered borax freely in all cupboards, cracks, and crevices. After doing this for some time I have ceased to be plagued with these pests at all.

Marmalade Cheesecakes are a nice change. First melt two ounces of butter, add two beaten eggs, and two table-spoonfuls of marmalade chopped finely. Line patty-pans with short paste, pour the mixture in, and bake in a steady oven.

To Clean White Felt Hats. This recipe will perhaps suit you better than the one you have already tried. Remove all grease spots by washing with a hot solution of soda. Then cover the hat with a paste made of pipe-clay and water, tempered with white precipitated chalk. When dry brush off.

A Home-Made Butter Cooler. Take a new flower-pot and cover it, after scrubbing quite clean, with a piece of thick flannel. Invert the flower-pot over the dish in which the butter is held, and pour a little water round its base. I always stand the flower-pot, etc., in a large meat-dish, which has a little water stood in it.

A Breakfast Dish. Take a cupful of nicely-boiled rice, add to it an equal quantity of finely-chopped veal or chicken. Season with pepper, salt, a dash of curry-powder and mix all together. Dissolve one ounce of butter in a sauce-pan, add the rice and meat, shake all over a hot fire, stirring quickly, and pile on a hot dish. Garnish with quarters of hard boiled egg.

Pease Pudding is usually served with boiled pork. Soak one pint of split peas overnight, next day tie them closely in a cloth, plunge into cold water and boil for an hour. Then rub through a sieve, beat up an egg and add to the mashed peas, working in one ounce of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Flour a cloth, place the pudding in it, tie it up tightly, plunge into a sauce-pan of boiling water, and cook for one hour; slices of this pudding when cold may be dipped into egg and breadcrumbs and fried a golden colour. Serve with pork chops or hash. (Reply to HOLINESS ROAD.)

The Neatest Style of Blouse for a girl between the ages of ten and twelve years, to my mind, is that depicted in the margin. It is a most useful one for school wear, because it bags over all the way round the waist; consequently no belt is necessary, and untidiness is an impossibility. A delaine or soft nun's veiling would be most suitable for this little garment; but as space prevents my giving you all the particulars here, I must refer you to that useful and invaluable ladies' paper, **HOME NOTES**, dated May 7th, in which you will find full directions for cutting out and making it, also diagram showing the best and easiest way to place the pattern upon your material. Order your copy early, for there is sure to be a great demand for such an eminently useful blouse, and one which will prove an advantage where the average schoolgirl is concerned. It is published on May 1st. Price 1d.



pattern upon your material. Order your copy early, for there is sure to be a great demand for such an eminently useful blouse, and one which will prove an advantage where the average schoolgirl is concerned. It is published on May 1st. Price 1d.

When Poaching Eggs always add a few drops of vinegar to the water and they will set more quickly and perfectly.

The Loin of Mutton is the best joint in the whole sheep, but it requires careful cooking and to be served very hot and with very hot plates.

To Renovate Gilt Frames. Boil three or four ounces in enough water to cover, strain carefully, and brush over the frames with the liquor. The flies also will not touch frames treated like this. (Reply to KINGSTOWN.)

An Accessible and Effective Remedy for Scalds and Burns. Scoop out some raw potatoes with a spoon, and apply to the part affected. Wrap a piece of old linen round. This remedy allays the pain almost instantly. (Thanks to I. H.)

Dandelion Beer. Boil in five gallons of water two ounces of dandelion leaves, five ounces of ginger, and half an ounce of hops. Strain off and boil again, adding three pounds of sugar and two ounces of Spanish juice. Allow this to ferment for twenty-four hours and bottle for use. Tie the corks in securely.

Candied Lemon Peel. Cut lemons in half lengthwise and remove all the fruit. Soak the peel in water, which you must change constantly till the bitterness is extracted. Drain them and place in syrup until they become soft and transparent. During the process boil up the syrup occasionally with fresh sugar to strengthen it. When the peel is transparent, drain well and put it on a hair sieve to dry in a warm place. (Reply to DOUGLAS SMITH.)

Transfer Paper is what you require. Make it as follows: Melt together two ounces of tallow, a quarter of a pint of linseed oil, and half an ounce of powdered blacklead, and sufficient lampblack to make the mixture of the consistency of cream. Take a sheet of clean white paper and rub in the above mixture while hot. Leave to dry, and it will be ready for use. Slip the paper under the pattern and trace out all the lines with a blunt pencil. (Reply to LEEDS.)

A Laundry Glazing Secret. The articles to be glazed should first be starched in cold starch and then ironed damp. Next a piece of flannel is dipped in some powdered French chalk and rubbed smoothly on each article, after which a piece of white card soap is rubbed over the chalk. Finally the articles are ironed on the right side only with a moderately hot iron, and when finished will have the effect of white porcelain. (Thanks to WAINE.)

A Dainty Dish of Dates for Dessert or tea may be prepared as follows: Take two pounds of the cheap dates, cover all with perfectly boiling water and let them stand for about three minutes; then wash well in cold water. Remove the outer skin, take out the stones, and fill the dates with desiccated cocoanut. Pile up the dates on a glass dish after rolling each in cocoanut. The effect of this dish is both dainty and pretty, and the sweet tastes remarkably good. (Thanks to HAYES.)

Baked Rhubarb Pudding. Stew about a pound of rhubarb with sugar to taste, adding as little water as possible, to prevent burning. Grease a pie-dish and put the rhubarb into it. Take two cupfuls of flour, two table-spoonfuls of caster sugar, two ounces and a half of butter or lard, and two eggs. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, then add the eggs, and lastly the flour in which some baking powder is mixed. Add enough milk to make the batter just pour from the basin. With a spoon put this carefully over the rhubarb and bake at once for half an hour in a steady oven. Serve hot.

To Cure Small Skins. A correspondent has sent me the following instructions and also a piece of skin that has been cured for twelve years. This sample is very soft and, though it is goat, perfectly free from smell. First lay the skins in cold water, river if possible, for a few hours to draw the blood out. Then clean off any fat and flesh. Fill a pail three parts full of boiling water, add to it one pound of salt, and half a pound of alum, or more according to the number of skins to be cured. Let this stand till you can bear your hand in the water, then immerse the skins and soak for twenty-four hours. Next hang in the sun to dry. When nearly dry draw them over an old spade fixed to something firm that will both stretch and soften the skins. Then lay on a board, strain out and rub with pumice stone. If the skins turn wet lay in water for two or three hours and hang them to dry, and if they are greasy, make a paste of Spanish white, and spread on the skin thickly. When dry rub off with pumice stone, and if still greasy repeat. (Thanks to G.C. Yarmouth.) (Reply to PALMER.)

Isobel

HOLIDAYS FOR 1903.	1903. JAN.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.
Good Friday . . . April 10.	M 4 11 15 25	M 1 8 12 22	M 5 12 16 26	M 2 10 14 24	M 3 10 14 24	M 1 7 14 21 28
Easter Monday . . . April 12.	T 6 13 20 27	T 3 10 17 24	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30
Whitsun Monday . . . June 1.	W 7 14 21 28	W 4 11 18 25	W 8 15 22 29	W 5 12 19 26	W 6 13 20 27	W 3 10 17 24
Bank Holiday . . . August 2.	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25
Christmas Day . . . December 25.	F 3 10 17 24 31	F 6 13 20 27	F 10 17 24 31	F 7 14 21 28	F 8 15 22 29	F 5 12 19 26
Boxing Day . . . December 26.	S 4 11 18 25	S 7 14 21 28	S 11 18 25	S 8 15 22 29	S 9 16 23 30	S 6 13 20 27

THE UNLIMITED MAIL.

A penknife will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

A NEW serial story is coming along. It will be from the pen of Mr. Fred. M. White, the author of the famous story "Who Killed James Trent?" This fact alone is a guarantee of its excellence.

WITHIN the next few weeks we shall publish the closing date of the £5 a Week for Life Competition, and readers who have not yet entered the contest should at once secure the last thirteen numbers of *Pearson's Weekly*, which contain the pictures up to date. If they do this they will be able to enter the competition at once.

I HAVE received a huge number of letters from readers—mostly theatrical readers—who congratulate me on having obtained a series of articles so truly depicting stage life as that under the heading of *Tinsel Truismers*. While there is not the slightest exaggeration in any part of the narrative, the facts are so cleverly told that they form themselves into quite a romance. If you have not already started reading the articles, the concise little summary at the beginning will enable you to do so at once.

MANY readers have written to suggest new experiences for Earl Poulett, which I am carefully considering. However, many of them are experiences already undergone by our enterprising friend Mr. P. Doubleyou. I am at present arranging for the Earl to undertake a fearsome and bloodcurdling nocturnal errand for the benefit of readers, and hope to be able to record the result very shortly. Meanwhile, I shall be very glad to hear from readers in any part of the country who may have other suggestions to make for the employment of our noble contributor. Readers will be paid five shillings each for accepted ideas. All suggestions must arrive before Tuesday, May 12th, in envelopes marked "Poulett."

R. W. wants to know if Mr. P. Doubleyou found the street numbering system in New York and other American cities easier for finding his way about than if all the streets had distinctive names. No doubt Mr. P. Doubleyou will have something to say on this subject in some future article. Personally, I prefer names to numbers. There is nothing more easy to forget than a number. You are told that somebody lives, say, in Fifty-sixth, or One hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. Before five minutes have gone you find yourself wondering what on earth that number was, and an absent-minded man can find himself driven nearly mad in the attempt to find the house he is looking for. But supposing you had been directed to Oxford Street or Aldersgate Street, you could scarcely forget either name. However, after a few weeks of experience in American cities, you get used to the numbering system and find it generally speaking a great improvement on that of European cities.

T. W. C. noticed that there are fourteen bridges between Twyford and Maidenhead on the Great Western Railway, a distance of seven miles. "Do any of your readers," he writes, "know where there are more than this number on the G.W.R. or any other railway within the same distance?" Perhaps some readers who are holiday-making early this year, and want to pass away seven miles or so, will oblige T. W. C. by a higher estimate. It appears that "housemaid's knee" has its counterpart in "student's elbow." F.G.P. was recently training for an examination, and while doing so, was in the habit of pressing his elbows on the desk and his head on his hands. The result was a "tender elastic swelling on each arm."—There must be many curious ailments brought on as a result of habits such as that of F.G.P. If you have suffered from any yourself, send along particulars.

Mr. F. W. LOCKYER, of Teignmouth, Devon, writes: "In reference to your answer to the query as to typewriters, it may be interesting to know that I was the first in England to use the machine as perfected in 1873 by Messrs. Sholes and Latham. In March of that year, whilst a clerk in the Kingston-on-Thames Post Office, I was attracted by an advertisement in the London papers 'Wanted, a youth who can play the piano and work the Morse instrument.' The wages were to be 25s. per week. The novelty of the want fascinated me, and a speedy visit to the city secured me the position. I found that two Americans had brought over two typewriters with a view of introducing them to the commercial public, and they were anxious to obtain a smart operator to quickly acquire a capable speed. The offices were situated on the first floor of the *ESTATES GAZETTE* offices, in Fleet Street, two doors above the then existing Temple Bar. In five weeks I had obtained complete mastery of the keyboard, and I was able to show its capabilities to interested visitors. The first press notice which appeared concerning the new invention was in the *SPIRITUALIST*, edited by Mr. Burns, who called attention to 'a novel mechanical contrivance, calculated to supersede the use of the pen,' and amongst those who subsequently called to inspect its working was Mr. Burns himself, Cyrus Field, many noted public men, and two deeply interested persons who my employers told me were Dion Boucault and Wilkie Collins. The inventors attached much

importance to the ability of the typewriter to duplicate (by carbon) twelve clear sheets, although this result was secured by very hard key-striking. At the end of six weeks it was found that the 'idea' did not 'catch on.' The offices were closed, the speculators returned to America, and Mr. Saunders, of the *CENTRAL NEWS*, purchased the two specimens, retaining my services for a month for the purpose of giving tuition to his staff. The only unsatisfactory part of the business was the fact that I gave up a permanent Government situation on the prospect of increase of wages, and a promised good position when the firm had established itself. At the end of the first week, however, I was, to my astonishment, paid a half-crown, it being explained that I could not expect 25s. until able to write sixty words per minute—a big speed considering the clumsy nature of the instrument at that period. I received this 2s. 6d. for five weeks, and at the end of the sixth I was handed my full pay, a present of a tin of oysters, and was regretfully told that the project had not succeeded, and that my services would not be required, as the offices would be closed."

GEORGE WASHINGTON writes: "This week-end I have had a most remarkable experience, which I think is worthy of mention in the last page of *Pearson's Weekly*. On Thursday morning I put an egg in a pan of water, and left it to be boiled on the gas stove. I had my breakfast, but forgot about the egg, and went out. To-day I returned from my holiday, and to my surprise found a roast chicken waiting for me in the pan in which I had left the egg. Of course, its feathers had not grown. The chicken was of delicious flavour."—Next, please.

J. F. writes me a long and interesting letter from Johannesburg, in the course of which he mentions a very remarkable fact concerning the state of labour in that city. Two friends of his, who gave up very good positions as stockbrokers in England to go out to South Africa, arrived some few months ago in the hope of making their fortunes. At the present moment one of them is employed as a window-cleaner, and the other as a house-painter. This seems to point to the fact that there is not much scope for stockbrokers in Johannesburg just at present.

ADA is in the habit of calling the young men of her acquaintance boys, but her aunt has recently told her that this is wrong after they have passed the age of twenty-one. As most of the youths of that age are far from physically developed, Ada thinks she is right in calling them boys. Do I agree with her?

—There is something to be said for you. ADA, from a scientific standpoint. Though the law says we are men at the age of twenty-one, Nature does not generally concur in that decision. Strictly speaking, a man does not reach his full physical maturity until he is about twenty-eight. Most certainly few men reach anything like mental maturity before twenty-five. Those young men who object to being called boys while in their early twenties will probably live to an age when they will long in vain for that designation. I have known stout, robust people of forty who are beside themselves with delight if a senior addresses them as "my boy."

A. W. writes me to say that he was, curiously enough, on the landing stage on the departure of Mr. P. Doubleyou from Liverpool. He tells me of an interesting episode which happened while Mr. P. Doubleyou was busily yelling "Dolly Gray" with his fellow British emigrants, as related the week before last. The Norsemen were singing a foreign chant, when someone on shore yelled out "Pretty good for foreigners." "No," replied one of those addressed, "we're about to become British now, as we're going to Canada," and they promptly sang "God save the King," to the cheers of the crowd. A. W. adds: "I consider Mr. P. Doubleyou's articles very enjoyable, and am looking forward to a long series." Another correspondent implores me to allow my contributor to return as a saloon passenger. Well, in this number you will see that he did spend one day in fairly luxurious circumstances, while next week you will read of his adventures on landing in New York. He seems to have had a fairly exciting time with the authorities.

Q. asks me why it is that so many children are taught music at school, but very few indeed are able to play even the smallest solo correctly on the piano in after life. Nearly every girl learns music as part of her training, but a very small percentage are pianists. I have noticed this, and believe it has a good deal to do with the way children are taught music. A child is generally made to grind away for hours at finger exercises and scales. Music, instead of being regarded as a source of pleasure, becomes one of the most wearying forms of drudgery. When the average teacher in British schools does put a pupil on to a "piece" after a certain amount of technical grinding, it is usually of what is called the "showy" order, a thing devoid of beauty in itself, but consisting of a series of trills and scales. Some children are, of course, sufficiently fond of music to be proof against these influences, and in after years become good performers, but the general run have the love of sound more or less crushed from childhood because they have been taught to regard it as dry-as-dust drudgery, and not as a pastime and pleasure for leisure hours.

PERFORMANCES of "Shadowed Lives," the "Lives" of P. H. fame, commence at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, on Monday, May 4th, and will run there for one week.

"HOPEFUL," who has received a Gramophone as a prize, tells me that he has made a nice box with a slit in the top, and whenever his friends wish to hear the instrument he exacts a penny, which is dropped in the box. The whole of the money will go to the Fresh Air Fund. He estimates at the end of twelve months, he will have obtained at least a pound, and as he points out, if every other winner of a Gramophone did the same, the F.A.F. would be £1,500 to the good. Will winners of Gramophones help in this work?

THE following further amounts have come to help for the Fresh Air Fund:

Previously acknowledged, £492 6s. 2d.
Anon., £1 1s.; Mrs. E. H. Edmondson, £1 1s.; J. S. £3; S. Barker, 10s.; J. Bowers, £1; Anon., 1s.; Anon., 1s.; E. Neuenburg, £1; J. Valentine, 2s. 6d.; A. Lover of all Young Things, 4s. 6d.; A. E. B., 1s.; Pitch and Toss, 9d.; Runder, £3; M. McL., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. M. Russell Pell, £1; E. T. Agins, £1 1s.; Mrs. J. Schwab, £1 1s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. T. Watson, £1; Anon., £2; Mrs. G. Richards, £2 2s.; Mrs. Wright, £1 1s.; Enid and Walter, £1 1s.; C. S. L., £1; C. J. Fordham, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; G. F. H., £1; Memory of a Dear One, 1s. 6d.; A. Harris, 9d.; Mrs. J. Crabbe, £10; Hugh Young, 3s.; H. W. Brock, £1; A. B. G., 2s. 6d.; Herbert Johnston, 10s.; Anon., 8s. 2d.; Mrs. and Percy, 9d.; A. M. M., 2s.; Cousin Jack, 4s. 1d.; W. M., £2 2s.

COLLECTED: Children's Bazaar held by the Misses A. P. and M. Sanderson, £13 7s. 9d.; Collected by Mr. and Mrs. F. Wells and Mr. W. Wilkinson, of Leeds, at Chicago Hydro, Blackpool, April 11, £3 4s.

Grand (P.H.) Total, £566 6s. 9d.

RESULT OF "CHALLENGE" COMPETITION.

A PENKNIFE has been sent to each of the following:

P. Sheridan, 33 Albert Road, Peckham, S.E.; W. M. 94 Church Street, Barrow-in-Furness; D. Johnston, 110 Victoria Road, Dundee; R. Lee, 32 Retreat Place, Hackney; J. Thomson, 170 Great Hamilton Street, Glasgow; P. Burt, Stanhope Street, Birmingham; A. P. 68 Bramcote Road, Rotherhithe, S.E.; R. Wright, 20 Kings Road, Wrexham; W. James, Levensden, Watford; A. G. 9 Ferguson Road, New Barnet; R. Horner, 9 Finsbury Square, Fountain Road, Hull; Miss M. Wells, 1 Wellington Road, Nottingham; J. Carr, 20 Shaw Bridge Street, Chichester; F. Edmonds, 12 Beaconsfield Road, Brighton; J. H. 14 Percy Street, Hull; A. Gregory, 62 Lever Street, Hull; Road, E.C.; Mrs. E. Cradock, West Heath, Farnham; H. J. Myers, Fair View, Dalton-in-Furness; L. C. 105 Theatre, Consett; F. Ashford, 86 Heath Street, Dudley; Birmingham; E. Tracey, 18 Albert Road, Huddersfield; Lister, 14 Hope Street, Runcorn, Cheshire; L. 135 Rosendale Road, West Dulwich, S.E.; J. S. 135 "Kelvedon," Attleboro' Road, Nuneaton; C. P. 4 Strassburg Place, Leeds.

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PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the representative of such person injured, should death result from an accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

In the event of a person having the Insurance Coupon on *Pearson's Weekly* on him or her at the time of his, or her, death by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS will be paid to the next-of-kin of the deceased, or to the person entitled to the sum, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C. 4, within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Insurance Coupon on *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any person who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a bicycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty calendar months thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

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The above conditions are of the essence of the contract. This insurance holds good for the current week of its issue, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3.

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Signature

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